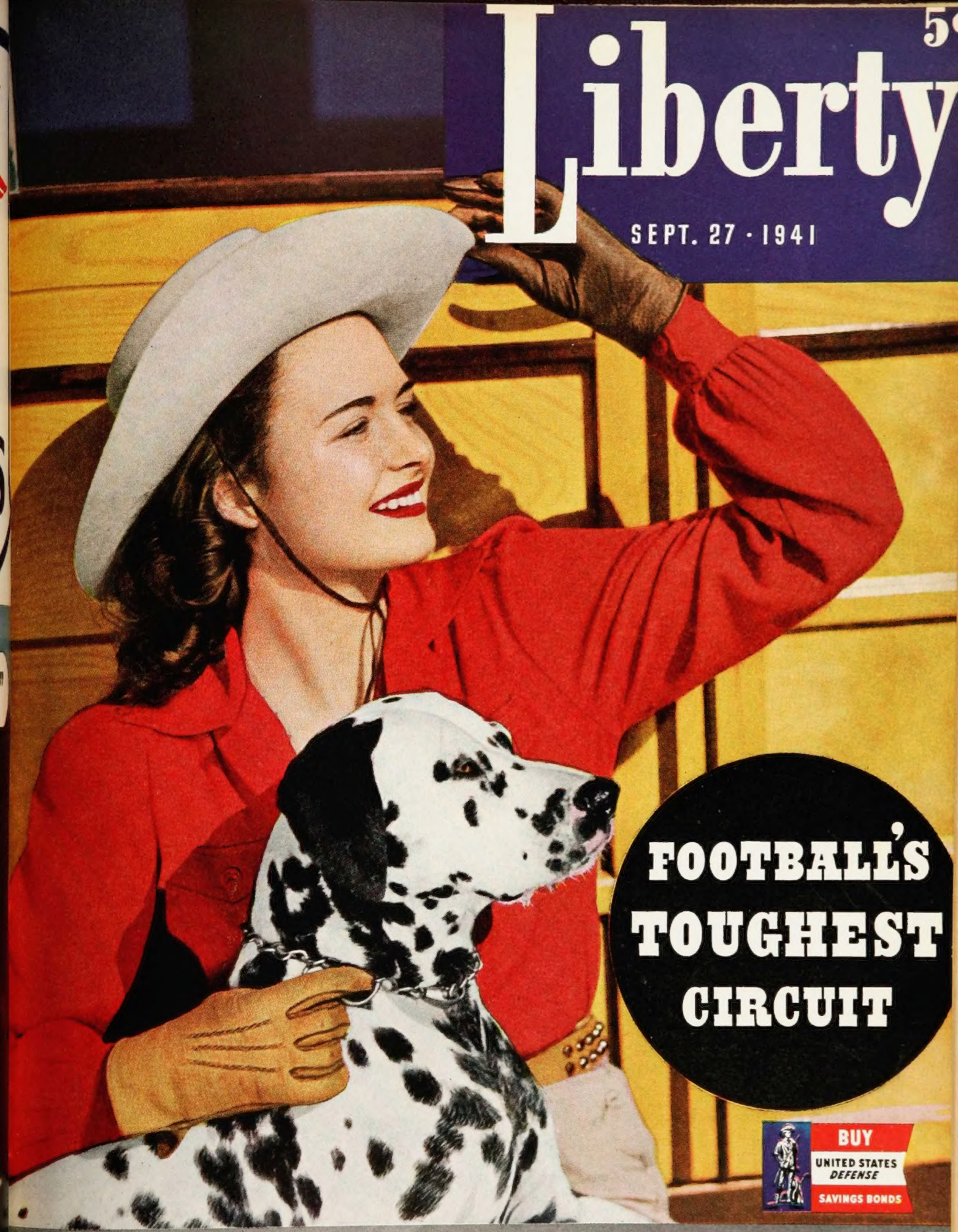
Liberty

5¢

SEPT. 27 · 1941



FOOTBALL'S TOUGHEST CIRCUIT

BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS

BREATH OF LIFE -- A NEW NOVEL

by FAITH BALDWIN

How should an intelligent woman feel about beer & ale?

Every modern-minded wife and mother should know the truth about beer and form an honest and unbiased judgment as to the place it should hold in her life.

"A girl who uses face-powder is fast!". . ."*A lady who doesn't wear petticoats is no lady at all!*". . ."*A dress that reveals the ankles is immodest!*"

Such outdated opinions are nonsense to the modern-minded woman.

Yet the same sort of nonsense is still put forth on the subject of beer by those who would ban it from the thoughtful consideration of women.

BEER should neither be praised nor blamed for qualities other than its own.

Brewed from rich, wholesome grains and fragrant hops, beer is a product of Nature. Through the centuries, philosophers have rated it one of Nature's blessings to mankind.

They have called it "the beverage of moderation."

Today, that definition is approved by science itself. Tests made in the laboratories of a great research institution indicate that beer, used with normal good sense, is ***not*** an intoxicating beverage.

Beer and young people

When children grow up and reach manhood and womanhood, their interests broaden, they begin to explore and appraise the outside world. If a mother is truly wise, she will make home so attractive to her young people during those critical years, that they will enjoy entertaining friends in their home . . . instead of seeking less wholesome entertainment elsewhere.

Kindly, mellow beer can be of great help. Served with a mother's approval and understanding, it becomes an asset in normal, pleasant, friendly gatherings of young people.

Ban this beverage of moderation from your home and you must face this fact:

Your children . . . no longer children now, but budding men and women . . . will make the decision of when and what to drink, outside your home, outside your influence, outside your help.

Then, there is the hospitable place beer can hold in your own life, your woman's world of entertaining, bridge, and friendships.

Beer and YOU

When you entertain, nothing is easier to serve than beer . . . nothing is more economical. Just a step to the icebox and the cool, fragrant brew is ready to serve to your guests.

Contrary to the belief of many, beer is not a fattening food. An eight-ounce glass of beer contains 108 calories. Few beverages, suitable for entertainment, contain fewer. Remember that fact, and you will no longer need to discipline your natural liking for beer.

Served with tempting snacks, cool mellow beer will enhance your reputation as a skilful charming hostess.

* * *

And so, in relation to your family, your friends, and yourself...beer should have a pleasant place in your life...and can do much to make life saner, sweeter, more worth living.

The brewers of America are eager to have beer win the place it deserves in the confidence of forward-looking women: a beverage of moderation for the nation. As a tolerant and modern-minded woman, won't you help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program...to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. It is described in a booklet sent free on request. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C9, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

A "back-seat driver"
gets your goat . . .

infectious dandruff

gets it faster!

START NOW with LISTERINE

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you're troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

buy the ***BIG*** *bottle . . . most for your money*

BE A BETTER CITIZEN WITH A BETTER JOB!

U. S. defense program needs TRAINED MEN! The demand is urgent! Enroll NOW for spare-time study with International Correspondence Schools — get MODERN TRAINING in a few months! 400 up-to-date I. C. S. Courses to choose from, including vital defense subjects. Thousands of former I. C. S. students are leaders of Business and Industry today. Be a better PATRIOT — and BETTER PAID! Mark and mail this coupon for complete information — TODAY!

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VOX POP

MRS. ROOSEVELT AND THE CASE AGAINST DRAFTING WOMEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mrs. Roosevelt, in her article on drafting women (Liberty, September 13), has rendered a real service. She has brought into the open and given a much needed drive to two highly important issues, both of which up to the moment have been suffering somewhat from indifference or random effort. First—what not only our *young* women's but *all* women's defense work shall be. And, second—whether it shall be done on a voluntary or a compulsory basis.

If the answers were to be given in terms of an all-out war, there could be no argument about them. American women of all ages, except the feeble and the tottering, would have to do as the women of England are doing. We would have to stand side by side with our men, sharing with them, in all save actual military service, the dark business of defeating the enemy and keeping the teakettles singing on the home fires. We would have to do this without choice or privilege and in the most expedient and most effective way, even if it meant conscription. Nor can there be any dispute that, not only for today but for always, our girls, rich and poor alike, should be trained in useful skills and imbued with the spirit of community service.

But, as grave as the moment is, we have not yet approached our zero hour. Therefore I think we should give deep thought to the issues involved before plunging into anything so at variance with the American way as the conscription of women.

The decisive battle front of this war will be on the assembly lines of American industry and in the fields of the American farmer. As they carry on, more and more women will be needed to augment their work and to take the places of the men who have been called up for military duty. Before V Day is here our women may be driving trucks, piloting transport planes, helping to construct tanks, planes, ships, and so on. Besides making guns, they may even have to learn to fire them in home defense. And I have confidence that if such a time comes we will do what we have to do and do it well. But, since we still have the time, in the interest of what we are fighting for, we should be given the chance to show what we can do without compulsion.

To say that since our boys have been conscripted it is only fair that our girls should also be, scarcely holds water in the face of the facts. If women had attained absolute equality with men, a selective service for the young among them might be logical and just. But we are nowhere near equality. While we have the vote, may run for office or be appointed to it, the statute books of over twenty-eight states carry bold discriminations against us in the matters of property rights, guardianship of children, the kind of work we may do, the hours we may keep, and the offices we may hold.

Also we must not lose sight of the effect conscription of our young women might have upon marriage and the family. Among an immense number of young people today the financing of marriage is a fifty-fifty affair. In order to marry, both the wife and the husband must work, the more so if they wish to have a family. For nearly every boy who goes to training camp there is a girl left behind—a girl whom he wants to marry.

But marriage is not possible on twenty-one dollars a month. And so, in order to make it possible, there are thousands of girls who have been left behind who are working to save money to get married on when the boys come marching home again. What is going to happen to their marriages if the girls, too, are placed under conscription? For what we must bear in mind is that in a democracy we cannot draft one in a group without drafting them all. Otherwise we would be placing a price on poverty and a premium on privilege.

Conscription of women was one of Adolf Hitler's first assaults on human rights. It should be our last resort in their defense.—*Genevieve Parkhurst.*

VITAMIN SOURCE

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just read Edward Doherty's article in the August 2 Liberty. Mr. Doherty does a swell job. Vitamin B_1 is mentioned and various foods are listed as sources. Mr. Doherty omitted mention of meat, which is a very good source of this particular vitamin. As a matter of fact, pork is one of the richest natural sources of vitamin B_1, even one pork chop supplying almost all the thiamin needed by the average person for a day. Mr. Doherty also overlooked meat generally as a good source of vitamin B_2.—*Norman Draper, American Meat Institute.*

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MY! YOUR NEW DUO-THERM IS CERTAINLY THE HANDSOMEST HEATER I EVER SAW!
RIGHT.... AND IN THESE TIMES DUO-THERM'S FUEL-OIL SAVING MEANS A LOT!

Amazing New-Style Heater Keeps Your House Toasty Warm . . . And Conserves Oil at the Same Time

BEAUTY! Efficiency! Economy! That's what Duo-Therm offers you, in heating with *clean, speedy, convenient, money-saving fuel oil!*

You get heat *fast*, even on the frostiest mornings . . . because Duo-Therm's new, exclusive patented Power-Air Blower forces a flood of *uniform warm-air comfort* through your *whole house* . . . into every nook and corner . . . from floor to ceiling. And *Power-Air* is adjustable, to give you just the amount of circulation desired.

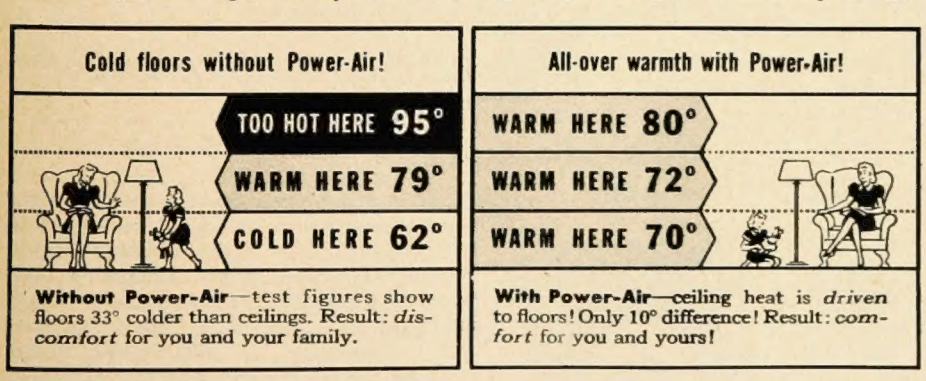
And remember . . . *only heat that is forced by power* goes everywhere it's needed. Heat that is *not* power-driven rises to the ceiling and "loafs" there.

New Duo-Therm Power-Air saves up to 25% in fuel oil! Now, more than ever before, fuel-oil economy is vitally important! *Actual tests* have *proved* that Duo-Therm, with its patented Power-Air blower, gives you floor-to-ceiling comfort . . . PLUS *up to 25% saving in fuel oil* over a heater without Power-Air! A Duo-Therm with Power-Air gives you *more* home comfort . . . and makes every drop of oil go *farther!*

Marvelous new burner! Modern engineering brings a new peak of efficiency to Duo-Therm's improved *Dual-Chamber* Burner! You now have complete *flame-control* at all settings . . . *more heat* per gallon of cheap fuel! And Duo-Therm is *clean, silent* and *safe* . . . all models are listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Look at these features! A simple turn of the *Handy Front* Dial gives you just the degree of heat you want . . . and *Coordinated Control* insures proper draft for perfect combustion! Open the *Radiant Door* and enjoy a flood of cheerful warmth. Special *Waste-Stopper* saves fuel.

Small down payment! Ask your nearest dealer *today* to show you the modern Duo-Therms—the most *beautiful*, most *efficient* heaters ever made! Many models. Capacities 1 to 6 rooms. Ask about *easy terms!* And mail the coupon below *now*, for complete descriptive information!



Without Power-Air—test figures show floors 33° colder than ceilings. Result: *discomfort* for you and your family.

With Power-Air—ceiling heat is *driven* to floors! Only 10° difference! Result: *comfort* for you and yours!

RADIANT-CIRCULATOR, Only $39.95
MODEL 575-2

Model 575-2 Duo-Therm is the best answer for room heating comfort. Radiates *and* circulates.

Copr. 1941, Motor Wheel Corp.

New All-Weather

DUO-THERM

The Most Popular Fuel-Oil Heater in America

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

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Send me, without obligation, complete information about Duo-Therm Heaters. I am also interested in Duo-Therm *Furnaces* ☐ . . . *Water Heaters* ☐ . . . *Trailer Heaters* ☐ . . . *Ranges* ☐

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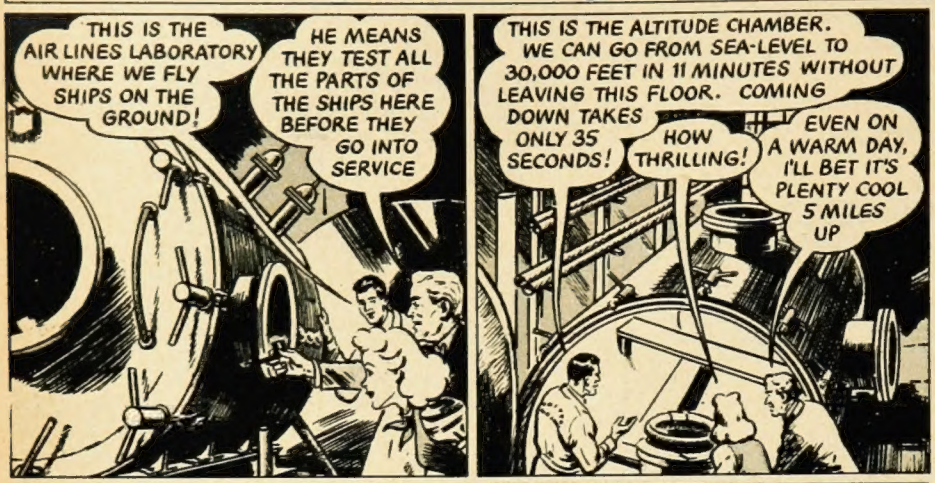
WONDERS OF AMERICA
Wingless Flight

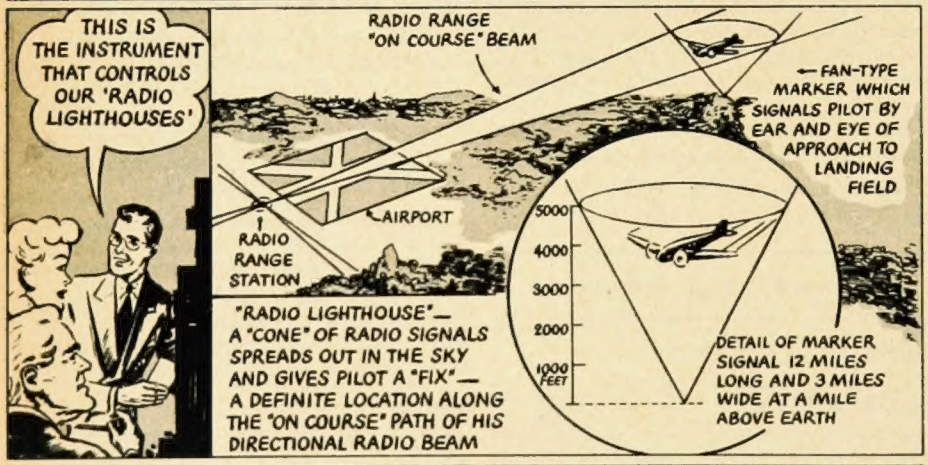

THIS IS THE AIR LINES LABORATORY WHERE WE FLY SHIPS ON THE GROUND!
HE MEANS THEY TEST ALL THE PARTS OF THE SHIPS HERE BEFORE THEY GO INTO SERVICE
THIS IS THE ALTITUDE CHAMBER. WE CAN GO FROM SEA-LEVEL TO 30,000 FEET IN 11 MINUTES WITHOUT LEAVING THIS FLOOR. COMING DOWN TAKES ONLY 35 SECONDS!
HOW THRILLING!
EVEN ON A WARM DAY, I'LL BET IT'S PLENTY COOL 5 MILES UP

YES, BETWEEN 30,000 AND 35,000 FEET IT'S 86 DEGREES COOLER
SAY— THAT'S AN ASTONISHING COINCIDENCE
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING OF— PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO!
UNITED AIR LINES

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*


THIS IS THE INSTRUMENT THAT CONTROLS OUR 'RADIO LIGHTHOUSES'
RADIO RANGE "ON COURSE" BEAM
← FAN-TYPE MARKER WHICH SIGNALS PILOT BY EAR AND EYE OF APPROACH TO LANDING FIELD
AIRPORT
RADIO RANGE STATION
5000
4000
3000
2000
1000 FEET
DETAIL OF MARKER SIGNAL 12 MILES LONG AND 3 MILES WIDE AT A MILE ABOVE EARTH

"RADIO LIGHTHOUSE"— A "CONE" OF RADIO SIGNALS SPREADS OUT IN THE SKY AND GIVES PILOT A "FIX"— A DEFINITE LOCATION ALONG THE "ON COURSE" PATH OF HIS DIRECTIONAL RADIO BEAM

IT'S AN EXCITING WORLD TO LIVE IN, ALL RIGHT— ESPECIALLY FOR US SMOKERS. PRINCE ALBERT IS A BIG STEP AHEAD IN MILDNESS AND DELIGHTFULLY PLEASING TASTE
I'M A ROLL-YOUR-OWNER, AND THERE, TOO, PRINCE ALBERT STANDS OUT. THE P.A. CRIMP CUT IS A BIG ADVANCE IN EASY ROLLING, SMOOTHNESS, AND ECONOMY. THERE'S NO SPILLING, NO WASTE —AND EVERY SMOKE IS MELLOW, RICH-TASTING!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

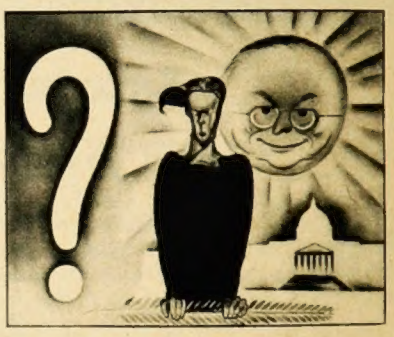
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT ARMANDO

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I take the liberty of writing to Liberty to tell how much I like Armando's caricatures. It's always refreshing to find new slants in the publications which week after week face the problem of keeping public interest and circulation.—*Silas F. Seadler, Advertising Manager, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—Appropriate laurels should go to your artist Armando for the subtlety of his treatment of Burt Wheeler's shirt front. I will be watching for more of this caricature lampooning.—*John Coakley, Thomas A. Edison, Inc.*



NEW YORK, N. Y.—The composite caricature in connection with the Wheeler-Lindbergh story was exceedingly well done.—*Nate B. Spingold, Columbia Pictures Corporation.*

Liberty gratefully acknowledges the many other similar letters of interest.—VOX POP ED.

SPARKS FROM OUR MAIL

It is about time the American people put some real pressure on to stop this taxing orgy. . . . I took Bubbles' advice about my black dress. Bought a new belt and necklace, changed the neckline, and behold! a new dress. More Bubbles. . . . Remember, in 1932 Joseph Stalin signed the decree ordering the Almighty to pack His belongings and get out of the Soviet empire. . . . Print more stories by Royal Brown and Steve Fisher. . . . You are small, contemptible, unreasonable, childish, and idiotic. [He means he doesn't like us.—ED.] . . . The author of Footsteps Behind Her let his readers down at the conclusion. . . Jimmy Stewart's frankness in My Life in the Army [August 16 Liberty] has made him more friends. . . . Why not forget the word "defense" and use "preparedness" so foes will know we are prepared to attack also?

BEVERLY HILLS' Movie Guide

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ DIVE BOMBER

It is inevitable that defense pictures should burst forth from every Hollywood nook and cranny these days. Already we've had in overflowing measure our share of comedies and dramas dealing with army camps, aviation corps, and training schools. What, then, should be more fitting than that Warner Brothers, those specialists in timely events, should haul from their shelves their perennial aviation picture, dress it up prettily with new characters, trim it importantly with newest gadgets, and hurl it rather noisily in our direction?

What the brothers Warner have neglected in story values they have more than made up in technical achievement. Interest is acute as long as the attention is focused on the newest developments in aviation and specifically with the campaign to achieve superior altitude, on which, we are told from the screen, the outcome of the war, and thus the future of our civilization, may depend. In that quarter they have outreached themselves with a technical masterpiece. Frankly, it becomes something of a bore when the trite story intrudes upon the more serious business of aviation progress.

Set against the background of the United States Naval Air Corps, the story deals with the work of flight surgeons who devote their careers in the navy to research concerning "blackouts" in dive bombing, that perilous moment when flyers lapse into unconsciousness during the shocking pull-out after a straight dive of 10,000 feet through space. Erasing blackouts through progressive experiments and keeping careful charts on the fitness of pilots are the problems of these flight medicos.

Errol Flynn headlines the cast as the serious flight surgeon who feuds with Flight Commander Fred MacMurray, the ultimate hero of the story. Alexis Smith, a blond newcomer, is decorative but unimportant to the story. The direction of Michael Curtiz, particularly in the highly technical sequences, as those of the pressure chamber, is infinitely skillful.

Filmed in technicolor, the flight formations are dramatically effective against California skies.

(*Continued on page 57*)

GREYHOUND FITS THE FALL PICTURE OF *America in Action!*

In no other autumn has the life of America reached such a tremendous tempo—with national defense setting the pace, and with every other activity racing to keep in tune.

Greyhound is part of this picture, vital to it, made to order for it! Streamlined Super-Coaches carry thousands of workers who are building America's defense—soldiers, sailors, and marines traveling between their homes and military camps and bases—millions of other Americans in their every-day pursuit of livelihood and happiness.

Greyhound does all this at lower fares than any other kind of transportation . . *and does it at a huge saving of gasoline, oil and vital materials, as compared with private automobile travel!*

Mail coupon to Greyhound Information Office at nearest of these cities:

NEW YORK CITY • CLEVELAND, O. • PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS • FORT WORTH, TEXAS • MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA • SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA • BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI • LEXINGTON, KY. • CHARLESTON, W. VA. • CINCINNATI, OHIO • RICHMOND, VIRGINIA • MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE • NEW ORLEANS, LA.

GREYHOUND

MAIL THIS FOR BOOKLET "AMAZING AMERICA" AND TRIP INFORMATION

Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information Office, listed above, for fascinating booklet picturing and describing 140 amazing things and places in the U. S. A. If you want rates and suggested routes to any particular place, jot the name of the city on the margin below.

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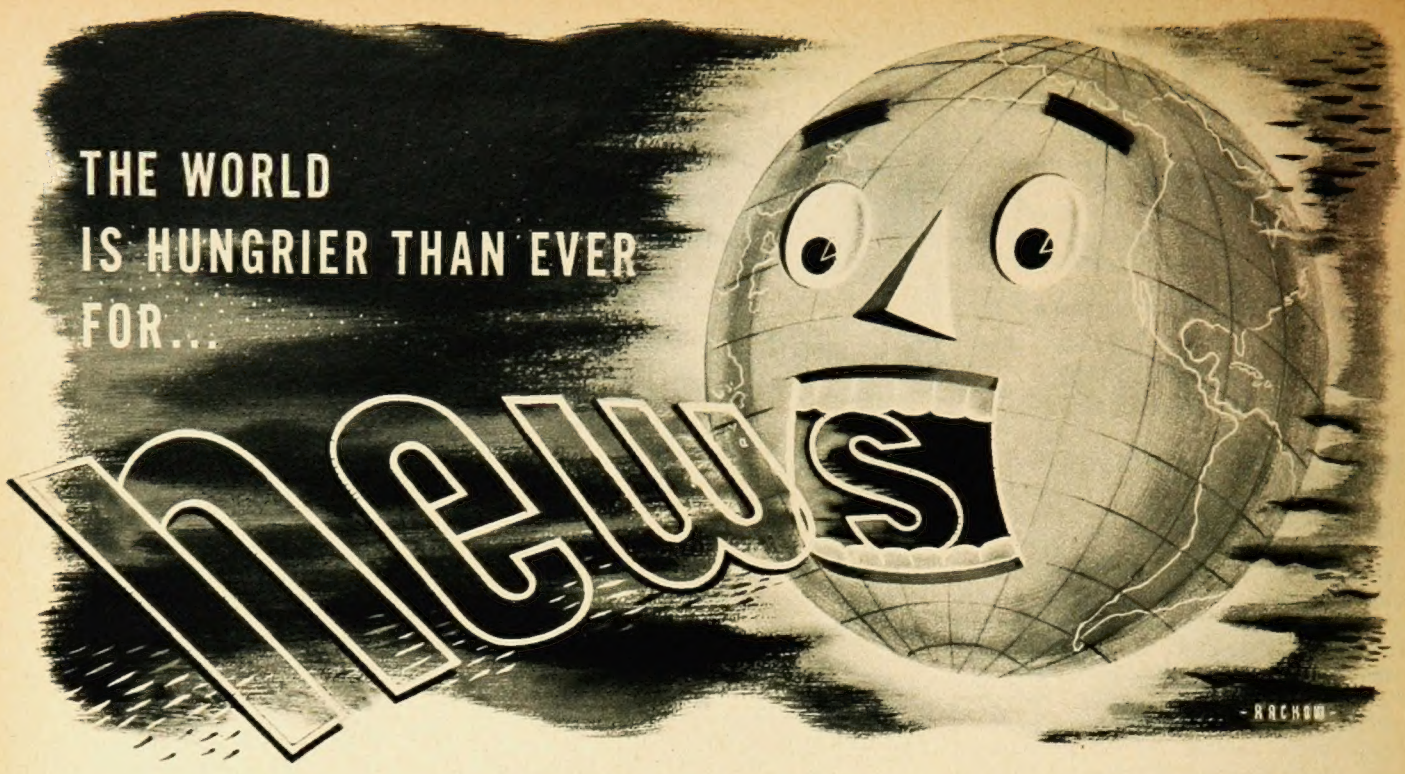

How this appetite for news is fed

What happened in Europe today? What did Congress do? Who won the golf title? And, nearer home, will it rain this week-end?

We want fast answers—and we get them through newspaper, newsreel and newscast. Do you know that these purveyors of news gather it largely on equipment produced by one organization?

* * *

The newspaper reporter's right arm is the telephone —made by Western Electric

Using the long arm of the telephone, the reporter can reach out to thousands of inaccessible spots, scoop up the news and bring it to his own desk. When he is in the field, telephones everywhere put him in instant touch with his paper.

News while it's fresh is flashed over Western Electric Teletype machines

The great press associations send out thousands of words every day to papers all over the country. These stories go by Teletype machines which make for speed and accuracy. And they travel over telephone wires—another Western Electric product.

Western Electric made the first commercial telephoto equipment

Many newspapers publish photographs which come over the telephone wires—and by means of sending and receiving apparatus which Western Electric made. Here illustrated is an operator about to transmit a picture to a group of newspapers.

Many newsreels are recorded and reproduced by Western Electric Sound System

The sound newsreel and, indeed, the talking picture itself were made possible by the pioneering work of Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric.

Most radio news travels over Western Electric telephone wires

Many radio stations broadcast over Western Electric apparatus. Moreover, network programs come to your local station over telephone lines and through control centers equipped by Western Electric.

* * *

Though it plays these varied parts in your daily life, this Company is of greatest importance to you in its primary role—that of source of supply to the Bell System. As such, it is the telephone users' assurance of equipment high in quality, low in cost, dependable in operation.

Western Electric

. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

SEPTEMBER 27, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 39

The SCANDAL and the GLORY of DEMOCRACY

☆ WE Americans are now again at that stage in our national life when we hear a lot of oratory, consume countless five-cent cigars, and finally vote for mayor, judge, and county sheriff.

These are the campaign days of our municipal elections in many villages and cities all over our map. Our municipal campaigns are unique. Nowhere else in the world do men denounce so indignantly, kiss babies with such fervor, or utter more obvious nonsense. To critical eyes of foreign observers, it may all seem a sorry spectacle.

But that is only because no one but an American can understand an American municipal or county election!

Exciting, even rowdy—yes. But it is, nevertheless, the soul of that thing which we cherish most and for which we would willingly die—it is the very heart and spirit of democracy. In our primary battles and our municipal elections we most deliberately exercise our franchise. We take a deep and personal interest in the selection of our local officials. We know the candidates and often call them by their first names—something that every politician encourages—they are our neighbors, whose weakness we know and whose strength we have learned to count on.

Will LaGuardia be the next Mayor of New York? Will Bill Smith be the next Mayor of Squeedunk? The people of Squeedunk are just as excited about that as is the New Yorker about the Little Flower.

In many New England towns they still hold town meetings. The voters gather in the local Rosebud Movie Theater. The moderator is perhaps the local florist and choir leader in the Congregational church. A citizen wants to open a hot-dog stand in a restricted residential district. He has applied for a town warrant for that purpose. That item is down for discussion, and when the time comes, his neighbors let him state his case. Then the wrangle begins. The fur flies. But in the end the will of the neighbors prevails and that will is usually right. That is democracy!

From town meetings such as these, noble and amusing survival of our earliest beginnings, came our entire system of public choice and decision.

Now, having said this, one may pause and listen for the inevitable squeak of the Communist and the Nazi. They hate the idea of a New England town meeting; and they hate the local primary and the municipal election. So they come forward with cries of "Corruption!" They say that because there is corruption in municipal politics our whole democratic system is rotten to its core.

And theirs is a dangerous saying, because it is partly true.

The scandal of democracy is the corruption of municipal politics. The hope of democracy lies as much in honest local elections as in defeating Hitler. But what the Nazi and the Communist overlook is that democracy is not a swift process; it is a slow acceptance of the public will. It does take longer, for example, to execute the death sentence on a condemned man in the United States than in any other country in the world. In Germany it can be done in twenty-four hours. In our country it may take two years. Why? Because in our laws we sacredly guard the individual and the rights of minorities.

Of course we have corruption, but we are getting rid of it, to the disappointment of the Communist and the Nazi. Men like Tom Pendergast, with whose downfall we had something to do, are packed off to prison. "Nucky" Johnson of Atlantic City and other such hang-overs from the political past are beginning to look like prehistoric monsters in the eyes of a generation who are determined that democracy shall work. Once it was said that Tammany Hall was invincible—but Tom Dewey slew their best dragons, hounded the rest into obscurity, and lived to see the day when his own most trusted assistant, an incorruptible man, was nominated by Tammany Hall and subsequently by all parties in New York.

So we can all praise God for our municipal elections. The corruption grows less. The dodoes totter and the sons and daughters of democracy, whose name is legion, are marching to the polls with one conviction, uttered by a sainted American whose spirit seems nearer to us today than ever before—that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

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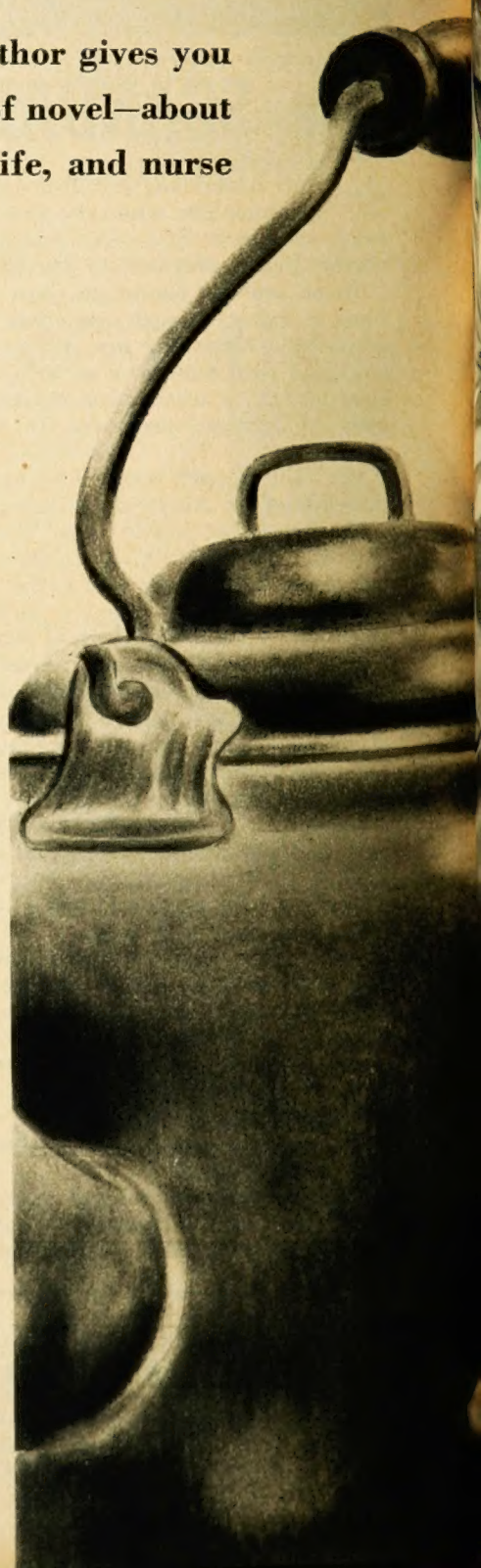
READING TIME ● 35 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BEGINNING *Breath of Life*

A well beloved author gives you a vivid *new* kind of novel—about an obstetrician, wife, and nurse



PART ONE—A WOMAN DIES—AND A CHILD IS BORN

☆ THE old car rattled along the winding country road which followed the wide blue ribbon of the river. Summer lay like a drowsy enchantment over the north country. The car jerked and jarred in the ruts, bending branches whipped against the windows, dust rose like smoke.

On the right, farmhouses dreamed in the sun, old dogs lay supine under the shadow of trees or slept uneasily on doorsteps. In the fields the cows stood idly or lay in the shade, contemplating the universe without rancor or delight. Young men, stripped to the waist, brown and lean, worked in the fields, children played, hens clucked uneasily, and the bright, burning sun beat down from a flawless sky piled on the horizon with great white woolly clouds.

There were boats on the river, men fishing offshore imaged in the still water, young people swimming, shouting at one another.

The two men in the old car had not spoken for almost a mile. Now, the younger roused to comment briefly.

"It doesn't change," he said.

"Nope," agreed the other, "it don't. Same story, year in, year out. Hard long winters—this year the ice didn't start to go out till late April—and hot summers. . . . How long since you been here, Ron . . .? I don't remember."

Dr. Theron Lewis frowned, his dark brows drawn over his bright blue eyes. He answered, after a moment:

"Three—no, two years ago—right after I finished interning—just for a few days, when Mamie had pneumonia, remember?"

"That's right," said the man at the wheel. "Never thought she'd pull through. She was sickly all that year after your dad died. But Doc Barton was on the job night and day. . . . You'll be seein' him, I expect."

"Good old doc," said Lewis, smiling. He thought, I owe him so damned much. . . .

Unpardonable, how life caught up with you, how you neglected people to whom you owed both your past and future. I don't take the time to write doc twice a year, he thought uncomfortably, and I'm not much better when it comes to writing Mamie—

"Doc's getting along," said his companion; "must be over seventy . . . let's see, seventy-one, perhaps. He's a year or so older than me. You remember Jenny, don't you, Ron?"

"Jenny?"

"Doc's granddaughter. . . . No, I don't suppose you do—she's a lot younger. How old are you, anyway?"

"Thirty-two."

"Don't seem possible. Well, Jenny's twenty-one or-two, I guess. Her father was doc's oldest son—Pete Barton. . . . He married Ellie Norris. . . . They moved down state. Pete wasn't never much good. Kept doc hopping, keeping him out of trouble. While you was away Pete moved back here, and got himself killed in an auto smash. Ellie keeps house for doc, and Jenny went down state to train for a nurse. She's back now. Good girl; every one sets a lot of store by her. She'd like to get the district-nurse job here, I think, but it's filled. So Jenny nurses private, in homes, and in town at the hospital. Between jobs she sort of runs doc's office and goes out with him on calls. He's aged these last couple of years, Ron; you won't know him. He don't say much, but it's my opinion he ain't well. He was saying just the other day that he wished you'd come back and take over his practice. We could do with a younger man . . . not that there ain't some young doctors come into the district lately, but people change slow up here, and they like some one who belongs to the country, like you."

Ron Lewis shook his head. He said, "I wish I could see it that way, too. I did think of it for a time. But—"

A rural section, a poor section . . . the nearest hospital some twenty-five miles away . . . and not much of a hospital at that, when you compared it to the hospital Ron knew as he knew the palm of his hand and which, after two years of interning and two as resident in obstetrics, he was leaving to enter private practice with the man whom above all others he most admired.

They were nearing the crossroads which would take them away from the river and along the bisecting road which ran straight inland, past rocky fields and deep woods, little undulating hills and cleared land, to the Lewis farm.

He worked swiftly. Jenny Barton, watching, felt the slow tears on her cheeks.

"How long you planning to stay, Ron?"

"A week or so, I hope." Ron Lewis stretched his long legs and sighed. "I'm pretty tired."

"Mamie hoped you'd stay a month. If you was her own flesh and blood she couldn't love you more," said Mamie Lewis' brother thoughtfully. "She thinks the sun rises and sets in you, Ron. It's too bad she never had none of her own—she always wanted a flock of kids. I suppose that comes

BY FAITH BALDWIN

from teaching them before she married your dad."

"Mamie," said her stepson sincerely, "is a swell person."

"She's all right." Mat Young cleared his throat and spat again. "Funny," he said slowly. "Just her and me left. There were five kids between us. All dead now. . . . I wish I could be more use to her."

"She couldn't have gone along without you, Mat," Ron told him gently.

"I can't do a decent day's work," Mat said fretfully; "just tend to the errands, drive to town now and then, help around the house. Doc Barton says I'll last my time. Well, maybe. But my grandfather lived to be ninety and died in the fields with his boots on." He turned his dark eyes, still bright and eager, on Ron. The flesh was drawn tightly over his cheekbones and the bright flush of the

chronic cardiac was apparent through the dry brown weather-beaten skin. "I never thought I'd outlive your dad. He was as strong as an ox. When I got back here from the West, thinner than a rake and sick as a pup, he took me right in. 'This is your home,' he says, 'and you'll stay in it. You'll get well, now you're back, and we'll run the farm together.' I won't forget that in a hurry."

He coughed sharply. "Mamie," he added, "wasn't too pleased them days. She'd never forgiven me for running off when she was half grown, and not writing home, and not bothering about education and stuff like that. But after your dad died—well, it was lonesome for her, you bein' away and all. So we sort of shook down together, you might say."

"She wrote me," Ron said, "that the new tenant was getting along very well."

"Who? Oh, him. He's all right," said Mat; "got a lot of newfangled ideas, went to agricultural school and all. But he's a good boy, hard-working, never spares himself. New-married when he come to us. Mamie had the small cottage fixed up for him. . . . It hadn't been lived in since you and your mother and dad, before your grandfather died and your dad moved into the big house. Anyway, they're happy there now. She's expecting a baby—any day now, Doc Barton says."

"She?" Ron had forgotten old Mat's digressive style of conversation.

"Lily. That's Bill's wife. Bill Treat, the tenant," Mat explained.

These were the Lewis pastures, the Lewis cows, Holsteins and Jerseys, the Lewis barns, red mellowed to a dark rose, the round silos rising beside them. There was the Lewis house, half stone, half frame, the original stone house, a hundred years old; the newer lean-tos of wood painted white, the red brick chimneys. Here was Mamie's garden, mostly glads now, pink and white, salmon and purple, in neat symmetrical beds beside the house. And the apple orchard, old and gnarled, the bending whimsical shapes of the trees loaded with unripe fruit.

☆ THEY drove up and stopped and Ron got out and lifted his bag from the back of the car. The front door stood open and Mamie Lewis came running out. She was a little woman, with the figure of an undeveloped girl and short curling pepper-and-salt hair. Her face was no bigger than a child's, thin and lined, dominated by enormous gray eyes.

"Well, Mamie," Ron said inadequately, feeling her bony arms about him, aware that her eyes were full of tears.

She had been very good to him. He had resented her greatly, he had made things unhappy for her and uncomfortable, but she had been patient, understanding how much he had loved his mother, whose place she had taken in his father's house. So, long before he went away to college, she had won him over.

She had been the district schoolteacher, her home in another town. She had boarded at the Lewises' and had become his mother's best friend. She was there in the house when Harriet Lewis died in childbirth, leaving one rebellious, desperately unhappy son, twelve years of age.

Mat said, "I'll put the car away."

Mamie Lewis led her stepson into the house. It was cool there and dark, with the shades down. The furniture, a mixture of fine old pieces and shoddy modern overstuffed, was polished until you could see your face in it. You entered directly into a square hall, and on one side was the best parlor, open only for funerals, weddings, and special company. It was open now, and Ron, stopping to glance in, saw that it had not changed since his last visit. The hair wreaths of another generation hung on the walls, the haircloth sofa stood stiffly under them, and the round table was still in the middle of the room.

On the other side of the hall was the sitting room, cheerful with geraniums in full bloom, a comfortable huddle of furniture, books in an old secretary, a darning basket, a sleeping cocker spaniel on the fireplace rug.

What had once been a downstairs spare bedroom had been, as long as Ron could remember, a dining room, with a bay window, running in back of the sitting room. The kitchen was beyond and the big storeroom.

Mamie was talking. She held Ron's arm, and her light rapid voice ran on.

"It's so good to have you back. You'll stay the rest of the summer?"

"I can't." He smiled down on her from his great height. "Much as I'd like to. But I wrote you that I'm going to be Dr. Allen's assistant. A great stroke of luck for me. He's the best there is, you know."

"Yes, so you did. I was delighted for you, of course. But I'd hoped . . ." She added softly, "You grow more like him every day—the way you walk, the way you use your hands."

Once upon a time a much smaller and younger Ron Lewis had deeply resented the fact that every one knew Mamie Young had been in love with his father, and no one else, long before he met and married Ron's mother. But twenty years had gone by and Ron no longer resented that fact. It touched him deeply whenever he remembered it, as now.

She cried, "Whatever am I thinking about, standing here! Come on upstairs to your room, Ron."

She had put him in the big spare room overlooking the orchard and the brook. It had been his father's and mother's. He had been born in this room, and in this room, in agony, in sweat and blood, his mother had died. From this room the sound of her desperate screaming—yet she was a very brave woman—had reached a little boy sitting on the stairs, his hands over his ears, his heart frozen with terror and his physical being sick to its depths. This door had opened and Doc Barton had come out, walking like an old man. But he hadn't been old then.

When Fred Lewis remarried he had had what was then the spare room done over for himself and his second wife. He had never again slept in the room overlooking the orchard and the brook, never again slept in the bed which had been his father's before him.

Ron stood by the windows now, looking out. Pigeons were circling over the barn and the sun was declining toward the west. From an apple tree near by a robin spoke querulously, and he could see over toward the wood lot a flight of birds like smoke, rising. . . .

Mamie was settling things on the massive bureau. She said, "You can't get a decent hired girl in these parts any more. They all want to go to town and work in Woolworth's or at the factory, or somewhere. . . . Look at that bureau! I dusted it myself this morning."

"You're not doing all the work, Mamie?"

"There isn't much," she said, "just for me and Mat. Lily Treat feeds the hands . . . there's two of them now. Of course, lately, since she hasn't been well, I took them over; it was too hard on her. Bill—her husband—comes up for meals—only, of course, until the baby's born—or didn't Mat tell you?"

"He told me . . . their first baby, he said."

"They can't wait for it to come," said Mamie, a little flushed with excitement, "and I can't either. Well, as I said, Bill and the hands get their meals here now, and Mrs. Roberts—

THE AUTHOR

FAITH BALDWIN, born in New Rochelle, New York, was studying in Germany when World War I broke out. She came home and did war work and somehow found time to write her first novel. Since then she has written innumerable novels and short stories. She has four children and lives in New Canaan, Connecticut. Recently she returned from a long trip that took her to Hawaii and Australia.

you remember the Robertses, don't you? . . . she's a widow now and has a hard time to make ends meet—Mrs. Roberts has been helping me. After Lily's on her feet again I won't need her, except for the heavy cleaning. Not that I'm not strong enough, but Mat fusses so, and he can't lift—he mustn't. As it is, he's always overdoing."

"And who feeds Lily?" asked Ron lazily, not caring. He was tired, pleasantly so. He had gone from New York to Syracuse to spend a week-end with one of his medical-school classmates, now married and established in general practice, and had come by bus to the nearest town to the farm.

"We send things over," said Mamie. She went to the door and lingered there, looking at him. She commented, "You're thin. Been working hard?"

☆ "I'M all right," said her stepson, "and as for work—well, there are always babies, and they get themselves born at the damnedest hours." He smiled at her affectionately. "Have I time for a bath and a shave before supper?" he asked.

"All the time you want. Mrs. Roberts is feeding Bill and the hands early, to get them out of the way. We want to have you alone, your first night. By tomorrow dozens of people will be stopping by to see you. It was in the paper that you were coming."

"Bet you put it in," said Ron, laughing.

"It was Mat," said Mamie defiantly. "He's as proud of you as if you were his own."

She smiled at him. "I'm so glad you're here," she said again. "But it hurts me so to think Fred—isn't. . . . He was so proud of you, too . . . he wanted you to have the best."

"I have had it," said Ron, "thanks to him."

Thanks to the insurance policy. Heaven knows how Fred Lewis had managed, with times as they'd been and through the uncertainty of a farmer's life. But the annuity had matured and it was all for Ron, for his academic education, and medical school. Of course he had worked to supplement it . . . in college first, and then summers. The first two summers in medical school he'd come home and worked for Doc Barton, driving his car and helping him in the office, doing odd jobs about the house. The next two he had tutored, worked as counselor in summer camps, done odd jobs in a resort place. Because by that time Barton's son had come to live with him.

When Mamie had gone he unpacked his bag and went into the bathroom at the end of the hall. He stood there looking around. This had once been a small bedroom and was now a large bathroom, old-fashioned, cluttered, and sunny. He remembered how he had resented this too, put in since his father's second marriage. He hadn't even wanted to use it. Why should that woman, he had thought, have everything? The outhouse and the big tin tub in the kitchen had been good enough for his mother!

How unjust he had been to his father and to Mamie! What a brat of a boy! How patient and forbearing they'd been, he thought, as the artesian water, clear and blue, ran slowly in the old chipped tub. He remembered how, once, when he had refused his supper, when he had kicked and scuffed and called Mamie an evil name, his father had taken him out, over her protests, down by the barn and administered a very thorough hiding.

"She isn't your mother," Fred Lewis had said, "but she is my wife. And as long as you are under my roof and sleep in my bed and eat my food you'll respect her."

The whipping hadn't taught him respect but it had taught him caution. Mamie herself had taught him the respect without, apparently, a conscious effort. It had been Mamie who saw to it that his natural growing-boy laziness did not interfere with his integral aptitude for hard work. She had kept him at it, had studied with him, had heard his lessons, had even made him review during the summers before he went to high school.

Learning wasn't easy to come by. An able-bodied boy worked on his father's farm spring evenings, after the long drive in from high school. Summers he worked on the farm and had his own chores to do and executed them faithfully—or as faithfully as possible.

He remembered walking to grade school through the crisp autumn days and the snowbound winters. He remembered berrying parties in the summer. . . . "What you pick and sell is yours, to put in the bank for your education," Mamie had said. He'd peddled the berries around at the summer camps along the river. Mamie sold chickens and eggs there too, sent him down with his basket full. Chicken and egg and butter money was hers.

☆ SHAVING, Ron frowned at himself in the wavy obscure mirror. What a mug! he thought distastefully. Yet it was his father's face, and he had loved that very much. But his father's straight nose hadn't been broken in football, and his father, even at the time of his death, had not had a triangular frown mark between the deep-set eyes.

He grinned suddenly. Well, it was his face and there was nothing he could do about it. Thin and brown, the cheekbones rather high, the chin very square, broken by a cleft. The cleft chin and the blue eyes were all he had from his mother.

Lydia Allen was amused by his cleft chin. "It gives you away," she had said more than once. He could see her saying it, a slight blonde girl with cool strange eyes more green than blue, and a pert tiptilted nose. She was such a little thing, he thought, his breath quickening; he seemed enormous beside her, a veritable hunk of a man, all hands and feet, awkward and uncertain. Curious thing, that a twenty-seven-year-old girl could do that to you. She seemed, he reflected, nearer seventeen than twenty-seven . . . save for her cool voice and cooler eyes, her latent light mockery. Yet, in the wards, in the clinic, making his rounds there, or in the private pavilion, he had never felt awkward. And his hands served him with deft sureness in the operating room.

He wasn't here to think of Lydia. Or was he? Had he come up here to ask himself whether or not she loved him or might come to love him? During the past two years he had seen her with as much frequency as was compatible with his exacting job. She had broken a dozen engagements with him and then made a dozen more. She had encouraged him openly; she had discouraged him flatly. Her father had said once, smiling, "Don't take Lydia too seriously, Ron; she doesn't know what she wants—yet. When she does, I hope it will be good for her."

When he returned to the city it would be to take up his work as Dr. Allen's assistant. He would be thrown more and more into contact with Dr. Allen's daughter. He said to himself, wiping the lather from his face, He knows I'm in love with her. Somehow, I think he's pleased.

☆ BUT was Lydia pleased? He hadn't had time for falling in love with anything except his work. And he had known what that work must be ever since the night he sat, sick and tortured, on the stairs and listened to his mother screaming. He had known it even before, when he had been banished from the house to a neighbor's—three times that had happened and three times he had been cheated of the companionship of a brother or sister. But on the night his mother died, he knew for certain. He was twelve years old and that was old enough to ask himself why women must die in childbirth, why he must be deprived of the love and the care and the tenderness of a woman who had not failed him since he had drawn his first rebellious breath. He had said to himself afterward, through the sick tears and the tearing sobs, lying alone across his bed, hearing the subdued clatter and rustle through the house which meant that the neighbors were taking over and doing what they could for the bewildered man who had lost his wife and child—he had said, When I'm grown up I'll be a doctor and I won't let *any one* die—

Well, he was grown and a doctor and he fought death daily with all the skill at his command, and women had died despite all he could do. Not many. But he remembered every one. And went on fighting.

Dressing, he looked from the windows again, lost in dreams of long ago and the dreams of the future. The sunlight lay thick and golden across the apple trees, and dust danced in the light, shimmering. The birds called, and the cows, released of their burden of milk, went back to the

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LOOK AT IT THIS WAY!

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Britain Won The War of Nerves?

A brilliant newcomer to Liberty's staff looks at tragedy—and courage

BY ERIKA MANN

whom Liberty has sent to England as its special correspondent. She is the daughter of Thomas Mann, the eminent novelist who left Germany in 1938 and now lives in Princeton, New Jersey, and is herself the author of The Lights Go Down and, with her brother Klaus, of The Other Germany.

☆ IT was a large room and unusually light. Three walls were practically all windows—unbroken.

Hardly any London windows are like that now. But London was far away.

There were about thirty narrow iron bedsteads in the room.

"The schoolboys used to have their drawing lessons here, I fancy," said the doctor. "What a time we had, changing a public school into a hospital for neurotics in twenty-four hours! They're having exercise just now. . . . What was that?"

He listened. And then we both heard a sad little sound coming from the other end of the room. A man slowly raised himself to a sitting position. When he caught sight of us, he buried his face in his hands.

"That's S———," the doctor explained. "I ought to have remembered. He's not fit for games yet."

S——— took his hands from his face and stared at us. He was quite a good-looking man in the early forties, with a tanned healthy skin that contrasted oddly with the sick bewilderment in his eyes.

It was a lovely day, the doctor told him. Wouldn't it be a good idea to go outside for a bit and watch the others?

This kindly suggestion somehow touched poor S——— on the raw. Tears streamed down his face. He muttered a few disjointed words: "Too late . . . twenty minutes late"; and then, "Head off." This last he repeated several times. The doctor called a nurse, telling her in a low voice to give him "another injection."

S———, I learned when we left the room, had been a fire fighter. He had been in any number of bad blitzes, fighting the flames and taking no notice of the falling bombs. Then something had happened.

He had had his day off, but was to report for duty at 2 A. M. There was a raid on that night, but not a bad one. Shortly after midnight there was a lull, and he took advantage of it to snatch some sleep. He was awakened by a tremendous explosion, and was horrified to find that it was ten minutes past two. He hurried to the spot where, at two, he should have relieved his best friend, George Watson, and taken over the duty of watching a particular house for the rest of the night. But when he got there, twenty minutes late, the house was gone. There was no fire, and the wreckage was shrouded in darkness. Uncertain whether he was awake or in the grip of a nightmare, he stood there gasping. Finally he moved, and his foot touched something soft. He turned his torch on it—and saw a head. Just a head, with wide-open eyes. George Watson's.

George's body must be lying among the ruins. But that was his head, all right—his, not S———'s own. And it should have been S———'s own. *Twenty minutes late.* That was all S——— could think of. *His head blown off . . . it should have been mine. . . .*

He said very little else when, ten days later, he found himself in this country hospital. In the meantime he had been able to report for duty two nights. Nobody had noticed that he had been late that night, and he need never have mentioned it.

The doctor told me the story as we strolled through the gardens. "It obsessed the man completely," he said. "We'll get him well, though, in a month or so."

He suggested a look at his statistics, and we went on to his office. "How many cases of neurosis do you think we get in the course of a month?" he asked me. "What would be the average for the whole of England?" I risked a guess: 850. "Our average," he said, laying some imposing files on the desk, "has never exceeded thirty-five—including the Forces."

I looked over his shoulder. "September," I read, "15 cases." (And what a September that had been! I knew—I was there.) "November, 1 case; December, 28 (25 in London, 3 in the provinces)." And so on. Then, suddenly, I was startled. It was the figure for June. Though there had been no important raids in June, the curve had risen sharply.

"Ah," I said, "then it is true after all, what some people in America are saying—that nothing could be harder on your nerves than a prolonged lull after a series of blitzes." But he gave me a very different explanation:

Neurotic patients who had been discharged from hospital during the winter but were not well enough to carry on in their normal occupations received pensions from the state. So did those suffering from war neurosis who, while unable to work and earn their living, were not so ill as to need hospital treatment. "You can readily understand," he said, "that these borderline cases would find it difficult to decide for themselves when they were fit to work again and could do without the pension. On the other hand, once a person has become accustomed to being treated as a patient without even having to submit to the discipline and restrictions of hospital life, it may be very difficult to find the way back to normality.

"So, when the blitzes had died down and there were hardly any new cases of neurosis to be found anywhere in England, we arranged a round-up of all our neurotic pensioners and faced them with an alternative: either they were to stop considering their neurosis, give up their pension, and return to work, or else they must go into hospital and let us get them rid of their nervous troubles by means of scientific individual treatments. Most of the pensioners hurried back to work. Eighty-one of them accepted our invitation and submitted to cures. That's how you get your larger figure for June.

"But don't you ever believe that the Hun can drive us out of our senses. He can't do it by raining bombs on us, and he certainly can't make the grade by his would-be nerve-racking lulls."

I asked if there were more women than men among the air-raid-strained civilians. And how about children? The proportion of women was slightly higher, he said. Cases of children suffering from pronounced war neurosis were practically unknown.

We went outdoors again, and came in sight of the playing fields. One group of patients in bathing trunks were lying on the grass in regular formation. Another group were engaged in some ball game.

"See the boy in charge of the game?" The doctor pointed out a

(*Continued on page 58*)

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The Old West, and romance!—Here's a heart-warming tale of two girls, a bridegroom, and a stratagem for love

Oh, Biddy Was th

☆ THIS was not the fine flourish of an entry Tim O'Bannon had thought to make with his family into Denver City. He had left his Missouri town with great fanfare and furor, in a wagon shining with new paint and white canvas cover, to escort his daughter, Roxanna, out West to be married. Roxanna was promised to John Hogan, whom she'd never seen. Aunt Rose in Denver City had made the match between her eighteen-year-old niece and the young rancher with his hundreds of cattle brought up from Texas, and his thousands of acres between Denver City and the mountains.

Tim O'Bannon had started west with six sleek and solid horses hitched to his wagon, with a Mrs. Bigsby hired to care for his small motherless baby, with Roxanna and her wedding trunk. Biddy, his second daughter, he had left secure—as he thought—in a convent in St. Joseph.

But now, a little before sundown, his road-weary, frayed outfit stopped at Aunt Rose's unpainted house, close to Cherry Creek on the edge of Denver City. The four horses sagged to a stop. Of the six-horse team Tim had started with, one had died on the way, and another limped now tied to the wagon.

Back under the torn, rain-soaked, and hail-pelted canvas, the lovely Roxanna, swaddled in veils, lamented grievously because her face was sore and red and swollen from gnat bites. The baby whimpered and wailed till

"—just as I dreamed you were." His arms tightened about her.

Wild One!

BY LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

it could drive a man wild. And Biddy—Biddy, whom he'd thought to leave with the nuns back in St. Joseph—sat beside him, in a red calico dress frayed all around the bottom from much climbing in and out over the wagon wheels.

Biddy's face was tired, and her arms twitched from holding the baby first this way and then that; but her eyes were all dark excitement. She sat with her feet braced on the dashboard. Her father would have reminded her that Roxanna, the lady, would never sit with her feet cocked up like that, but he and Biddy hadn't spoken directly to each other since their bitter quarrel when Biddy had run away from the convent and followed them West.... Ah, Biddy was the sharp-tongued one, and Roxanna the soft-spoken!

Before leaving Missouri he had taken Biddy to the convent at St. Joseph and said to her wheedlingly, "You must learn to be a lady like Roxanna—here you are, going on seventeen and running wild like a hare!—and then we'll be getting a fine husband for you just as we've done for Roxanna."

Tim O'Bannon had then hurriedly made ready and started on the long trek to Colorado Territory, where fortunes could be dug out of the ground. He had persuaded Mrs. Bigsby to go with him and care for the thin, bright-eyed baby boy whose mother, Tim's second wife, had died at its birth three months ago.

But on the way out, when they were a two-days' journey beyond the Big Blue, they had come upon freighters burying a covered-wagon family massacred by the Indians. Mrs. Bigsby, in a hysteria of fear, had stood out in the road and flagged the eastbound stagecoach and got in it. And, by a queer coincidence, that same day the westbound stagecoach also pulled up to a dust-choking stop and a figure with a small bundle under her arm came running toward their wagon.

Biddy and her father had quarreled hotly and stubbornly there on the rutted road. "You'll go back on the next stage," he had ordered. "You wild hare of a thing—running away from the poor sisters, and them trying hard to make a lady out of you! You've no business at all coming West."

"And neither had you," she'd flared back. "None at all to be taking the baby—and him so small-like and frail, and no mother to look after him."

"But I have to go West to give Roxanna in marriage. It's my duty as a father."

"Your duty my eye! It's your itchy feet that's taking you West—just as they've always taken you on and on. I'll not go back on the next stage—not unless you yourself go back, and take the baby."

"I'll not turn back." And he'd added, with sadness tinging his stubbornness, "There are two things a man can never do and have any respect for himself—he can never jilt a maid, nor turn back once he's started West."

And so they had fought and defied each other. Neither would admit the truth. For it wasn't Tim O'Bannon's duty toward Roxanna that was taking him West; it was, as Biddy put it, his feet itching for the long road. It was strange about that—for one foot was only a peg now because of the war; but, as he admitted, even the peg had the itch in it. And it wasn't Biddy's sense of duty to the small baby—though she loved him with all her heart—that had made her climb the high wall of the convent and sell her clothes, except a few calicoes, to buy a ticket on the stagecoach. It was adventure and the road west luring her.

They had trekked on. Biddy had gathered buffalo chips and over them boiled gruel for the baby, and held him on her lap and fanned away gnats and mosquitoes and flies. Roxanna was no hand with a baby, with feeding him or easing his colic. And besides, Roxanna mustn't get herself brown and ugly crossing the plains. John Hogan had been promised a beautiful bride.

A tiring, cruel trip it had been, with Biddy not speaking to her father, nor Tim speaking to her. They spoke their thoughts to the baby as each one bent over him, to the horses even, so that each knew well what was in the other's mind. But the quarrel was between them always, like a wall.

And now, stopped in front of Aunt Rose's house, no door opened suddenly with some one coming to greet them. But just as Biddy, clutching the baby tight against her, climbed down, Aunt Rose came hurrying home. Aunt Rose was always out of breath because she laced too tight, and talked too much, and always stayed till the last minute when she went any place.

"Oh, Tim—all of you—here you are, and what a long time we've been looking for you! Ah, and the small baby with you—give him to me, Biddy. Just this morning my husband went back to his sawmills, and now I won't need to get any one in to protect me—he made me promise I would, for this new city is rough and wild—and let's see. If you've a cradle for the baby, only one will have to sleep on the floor—"

"I can," Biddy volunteered.

Aunt Rose had been a beauty and a belle in her day, and about her there still clung fluttery, slightly faded coquetry. "I should have come home sooner, but oh, the plans—the plans we're making for the coming of General Sherman. We're giving a banquet at the Pacific Hotel, with beaver-tail soup to start—and a wonderful ball to follow. I took out my black-lace fan this morning, and one rib is broken. Where is Roxanna? I've got tickets to the ball for her and the man she's to marry. The few sewing machines in town are all spoken for every hour of the day, for we must all wear trains—"

Roxanna anxiously and stealthily parted the canvas. "Oh, there you are, Roxanna child! Your man is in town and waiting each day with impatience. He's brought a buckboard so as to take you home with him."

Tim O'Bannon lifted Roxanna down. She wailed through her veils, "Aunt Rose, hurry and open your door. Suppose he should come and see me now, looking so ugly—and him never seeing me before."

"She's gnat-bit," said Tim O'Bannon. "The rest of us put skunk oil on to keep them off, but Roxanna couldn't stand the smell."

☆ DUSK was descending and Aunt Rose was lighting the lamps. Supper was over, and Biddy, in a clean calico and her dark hair in damp wisps about her face, was walking the baby to sleep and singing softly with each step.

Aunt Rose's dog ran barking from the house, and Aunt Rose said, looking worriedly about the cluttered house and at Roxanna putting hot packs to her swollen face, "I doubt not it's *him* coming—"

Roxanna called out in alarm, "Oh, he mustn't see me! Don't let him come—not even to the door."

"Do you run, Biddy," said Aunt Rose, "and stop him before he gets through the trees." She took the baby from her and pressed a shawl into her hands.

Tim O'Bannon said, "It would dishearten the man even to step to the

door and the place stinking of ointment and salves."

Biddy carried the shawl in her hand, for she wasn't one to tuck a shawl over her shoulders, and went running through the cottonwoods to stop Roxanna's promised husband.

A strong September wind whipped through the trees and sifted the leaves down as she ran. The man pulled up his horse when he saw her running toward him. Biddy felt, sooner than she saw, the lonely strength of him, the troubled tensity of his gray eyes, and she smiled swiftly at him. Her father always said Biddy's smile had the warm push of the sun itself.

He got off his horse and came walking toward her, his eyes hard on her. And suddenly it was more than her running, more than the high altitude, that made her heartbeats and her breath all a jumble inside of her. "John Hogan—I came running to meet you—because—" She paused for want of breath.

His strong arms reached out and swooped her to him. She felt his man's breath through her hair and touching her forehead. "My dark, own girl—"

"John Hogan," she panted, "wait—wait—"

"I've waited long enough" —and his laugh was low, exultant—"and worried long enough each time I got a letter from you, because they sound so held back—each time I was chilled. And then you come running through the trees—wild and young—"

"Wait—wait—you mustn't say—"

"—just as I've dreamed you were."

☆ HIS arms tightened in possession about her. Her stays pressed into her in pain—no, not pain, in wild joy—as he kissed her, and for her life she couldn't have helped kissing him back.

"I must say this," he went on. "Never a new little moon rides high over Pike's Peak that I haven't wanted you standing beside me."

And then in terror she pushed at his arms with her strength and panted out, "Listen, John Hogan. I'm not Roxanna, who is promised you. I'm only Biddy."

He stared down at her. Her tongue raced on shakily: "It's Roxanna who's brought out her wedding trunk—and it filled to the brim. It's Roxanna who's worked all summer long—and Mrs. Bigsby, who stayed with us after the baby was born—she, too, sewed with Roxanna every spare minute she had—you never saw such beautiful pillow shams."

His arms dropped from her. . . . "Then why didn't Roxanna come to meet me?" he asked harshly.

"Because—that's what I came running to tell you—she's —she's indisposed. She'll be able to see you, surely, tomorrow. Roxanna is the beautiful one. She's the lady. My father says it often: 'Roxanna is the lady, but ah, Biddy—she's the wild one!' "

But not all her hurrying talk, nor the wind whipping her calico skirts, could clear away the memory of the long, crushing kisses between them. He said stubbornly, "At evening when I ride home, tired and lonely—it's you I've pictured running to meet me."

"And Roxanna would bless any man's home, while I—I have the divil's own temper and a biting tongue. Father says I must have been born on a Friday and the thorns pushing through the sod at the same time. But Roxanna—only wait till you've seen her!"

He gave a long, slow look from his horse that he had mounted.

Biddy turned and walked slowly back to her Aunt Rose's house and into its close smell of camphor and sage tea and steam.

"Tell me quick, Biddy," Roxanna said, yanking off the steaming towels. "What is this John Hogan like?"

"I couldn't say, exactly. He talked sober—and yet a little wild."

Tim O'Bannon drew his pipe from his mouth and addressed the room: "It was ever so with any Hogans I've ever known. It was so with them in Missouri, and back in Connemara. They are sober, gray-eyed men with thought behind them, and maybe a thin little book of poems to have handy for reading before a fire. But for all that, they're men who know guns and danger, just the same."

"Was he gray-eyed, then?" Roxanna insisted.

"It was only a minute I saw him," Biddy said shortly. "How should I know?" . . . But how should she not know! His eyes were gray—the gray of wind and rocks, the gray of thought and strength, the gray of ashes with fire beneath.

☆ IT was not the next day but three days later before Roxanna was ready to receive him. By then she could wash away every trace of the sage poultices to take down the swelling, and the rattlesnake oil to take out the soreness. Over the pink flush of her face Aunt Rose helped her put the beautifying "Email Blanc de Paris," which, as stated on the bottle, rendered the skin white as alabaster, soft as velvet.

In a lavender-sprigged muslin, in Aunt Rose's small parlor, she received him with all her lovely airs and graces of which Tim O'Bannon was so proud. She played on the small organ Aunt Rose's husband had brought in an oxcart all the way from the Missouri River.

Roxanna and Aunt Rose chattered happily about the grand banquet and ball for General Sherman and his party, and did he, John Hogan, know that Mayor Delano was going out to meet the general, and that Aunt Rose had managed to get them seats with her at the general's table, and there would be eight kinds of roast meats and eight kinds of boiled, and glazed calf's head stuffed with mushrooms and spiced buffalo tongue—and Aunt Rose would wear her black Lyons velvet—

After John Hogan left, Roxanna said petulantly, "He is sober. I didn't think he was excited about dancing in the first quadrille, did you, Biddy?"

The second evening, John Hogan had supper at Aunt Rose's. And while they were at the table, and Biddy and he very careful that their eyes didn't meet, one of John Hogan's men came riding up on a far-spent horse to tell him that some Indians had driven off a herd of his cattle.

John Hogan pushed his chair back from the table. His lean, bronzed face was gray and grim and set. "I'll go get them back," he said, his hand slipping back absently to the cracked pearl handle of his revolver that sagged at his side.

A little cry slipped from Biddy's lips, and Tim O'Bannon got to his feet too, and said, "You're but one man with your own little handful of men. It seems to me you're fair sticking your head between the tiger's teeth."

He said, "I have an agreement with the Indians to live there in my valley in peace. I respect their grazing grounds and they've got to respect mine. Maybe they'll give my cattle back to me peaceably—maybe not."

Roxanna cried out, "But couldn't you send your men after them? Because you must be back in time for the banquet and the ball."

He answered with grim patience, "I've got to get these cattle back. If I didn't have them I wouldn't have a ranch—and if I didn't have a ranch I'd have no place to take a bride."

Biddy sat tense and still—even when she saw John Hogan looking

THE AUTHOR

Lenora Mattingly Weber was born in Ohio, one of six children. When she was twelve her parents moved their flock to a homestead on the Colorado plains. Since her marriage, she says she has "mixed in a few college courses with having children and writing stories." There are six young Webers now—five boys and one girl; and there are also six books, for teenage readers, as well as several short stories written for popular magazines.

about for his gloves. It wasn't until she heard his booted feet leave the step, and the clatter of his horse's hoofs, that she sprang up and said that she'd been sitting on his gloves but she'd run and give them to him. The wind was blowing with rough abandon through the trees as she ran after him—ran harder even than she had run that first evening—calling to him.

He motioned his man to ride on, but he stopped at the edge of the cottonwoods and turned back. And again Biddy's breath was all jumbled in such pain and joy that she had to pant out her words: "John Hogan, I came—after—you—" She held up the gloves in an unsteady hand. "You see—it's true—what I told you that first night. I'm not a lady like Roxanna. I sat on your gloves so I'd have an excuse—to run after you—and stop you—"

"Why did you, Biddy?"

"I had to ask you this: Now that you've seen Roxanna, and heard her nice low laugh the nuns taught her, and she's played the organ for you—is—I mean, am I still the one you would be wanting?"

He sat his horse and looked down at her, the gloves forgotten between them. "I've no right to answer you that, Biddy," he said, and lifted the reins to ride on.

She grabbed his horse's mane and put her strong slenderness against its sinewy neck. "Please, John Hogan—and if I am the one you love, let me ride off with you. Let me go—so I'll be with you in case you need me. I can't stay behind, and you going on—and the great fear in me that you won't come back."

"Oh, Biddy, Biddy," he said, desperate and unhappy. "We have no right to talk of your riding off with me. That first night—the kisses I gave you—I hadn't the right to give them—"

☆ SHE lifted her face, pale and tear-streaked, to him. "You could—surely—kiss me good-by."

He put her hand gently off the horse's neck. "No, Biddy. It's Roxanna who's filled her wedding trunk to come to me. And no man can jilt a maid." But he bent low from the saddle so that his words would carry through the wind. "But all my life, whenever I see the new little moon high over Pike's Peak, it's you I'll want there beside me."

He rode off. Biddy backed up till the trunk of a cottonwood supported her and her heartbreak. The wind bullied about her, lightning zigzagged. Even when the rain's strength beat through the heavy leaves, she stayed on. She couldn't go into the house with her desolation and hear Roxanna's talk of marriage.

Her father came out of the house and came clopping toward her with his usual noise and fuss. He pushed close and, as was their custom these last weeks, spoke about her to the trees, but not *to* her: "Was ever a man so hectored with a fool daughter who'd stand out in the wind and dark and the soaking rain like some old woman gone fey!"

He saw then John Hogan's light buckskin gloves still held in her hands, and his anger overleaped the bounds of their quarrel and he addressed her in sharp rage: "Why didn't you give the man his gloves—and him with long miles ahead of him? Must you always be addlepated—"

He was braced for Biddy's violence—when had Biddy not returned word for word? But she only stood holding tight to the gloves and not answering. He stared at her in great wonder—took an unbelieving step toward her. "Biddy! Biddy child—why are you shedding tears over this man's going?"

"I'm not," she denied swiftly in a voice thick with tears already shed and others to be shed.

He limped a step closer, and she did not resist when he gathered her to him. And there for a moment in the wind and rain they clung together, and she kept repeating, even when with each pat on her back he felt the sobs quivering through her, "I'm not—I tell you, I'm not!"

"God help us!" he muttered.

☆ THREE days after John Hogan left and two days before the great banquet and ball for General Sherman and his party, Roxanna was in Aunt Rose's small bedroom, trying on her corn-colored silk heavy with passementerie, and Aunt Rose, her false front of curls askew, was hunkered back on her heels, seeing to the hang of the train.

Biddy was in the kitchen stirring sour-dough leaven into the flour and wondering if she could get it worked up before the baby's fussing became too insistent.

It was then that John Hogan came back. Biddy saw that one arm was bandaged clumsily in a sling of two knotted together handkerchiefs. But a tired triumph was in his voice. Yes, he told Tim O'Bannon, he had got his cattle back. There had been a little skirmish and an arrow grazed his arm, but only a few of his cows were missing.

Biddy ached to go up to him—his face was so gaunt with anxiety and weariness and pain—and say, "Here, let me wash the wound and put clean wrappings on it."

But Roxanna, through the partially open bedroom door, let out a glad cry: "I was so afraid you wouldn't get back in time for the banquet and ball."

John Hogan said: "I'm sorry, Roxanna, but I can't stay for the ball. I'm needed bad on my ranch. Some of the Indians see no reason for respecting my property when I'm not there. I've been away too long. By riding steady—or driving steady—I can reach home tomorrow morning."

Tim O'Bannon said, "And it's your wife you'll be wanting to take along with you. You'll need a woman to be dressing the wound on your arm."

Biddy, in the kitchen, heard; and she had to stop kneading the dough, for her arms went so weak. She listened, with her breath held and hurting, for John Hogan's answer. "If she be willing, yes."

From the bedroom door Roxanna spoke sharply: "But don't you remember, John Hogan, that Mayor Delano himself arranged it for us to dance in the first cotillion?"

"It's a wife the man needs," Tim O'Bannon snorted, "not a cotillion partner! We can hunt up the priest and have the marriage at once."

Biddy leaned sickly against the wall, her dough-heavy hands dropped on the spongy mass. . . . Before the buckboard would reach his ranch there'd be a new moon sailing over Pike's Peak. . . .

☆ TIM O'BANNON was saying, "There's one matter I must speak to you about, John Hogan. Mayhap I should have before this, but the occasion never seemed to arise."

Biddy realized dully that her father's voice had the thick burr it always had when he was not sticking to the truth. You could gauge how much was fabrication by the very thickness of his brogue, and now it was so thick that, as she often told him, you could cut it with a spoon like blancmange.

"It's about the small codger," her father went on. "The night before my young wife died—God rest her!—she made me promise her that whichever one of the girls married first would give the little fellow a home—for she knew well my own foot would keep me wandering. And I promised her. Does that meet with your approval, John Hogan?"

The baby was fussing insistently in its box cradle.

"Yes," John Hogan said; "I'll be happy to give the little fellow a home. We'll treat him the same as our own which I hope to have." He walked over to the baby, clucked down at it, man fashion.

Biddy started in from the kitchen. What fool's talk was this? Roxanna could never care for the baby! But her father met her as she pushed into the parlor, and laid a heavy threatening hand on her. He gave her a look that held threat, and something more—a great appeal for her to keep still.

And at the same time Roxanna came out of the bedroom in the corn-colored gown with the white basting threads showing in its long train.

Roxanna stared at her father. "You don't mean that I'm to take the baby?" Biddy could fairly see her thinking of the times his crying wakened them in the night, of his spells of colic when they must put so many drops of peppermint in warm water and spoon it down him.

The baby was yelling loudly now in spite of John Hogan's cluckings. Biddy started toward him, but her father got there first and scooped him up and carried him to Roxanna.

(*Continued on page 61*)

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY NORMAN L. SPER

Football's Toughest Circuit

Stanford vs. the field! Who'll win the Battle of the Pacific?

☆ IN a recent 15,000-mile trip during which forty-seven major football colleges were visited, almost every coach, player, and newspaperman I talked with brought the conversation around to inquiries about Stanford University's new model T formation—the new offensive combination that lifted Stanford from the Pacific Coast Conference cellar in 1939 to an undefeated and untied championship in 1940 and a Rose Bowl victory over Nebraska. The most generally asked question was, "How will Shaughnessy's team fare this season?"

The Stanford success was so inspiring that many of the country's major teams have now installed the new model T formation for 1941 play. Some coaches have added variations to it. This and other indications, such as Frank Leahy's football enthronement at Notre Dame, give the fans warning that the 1941 season will be the greatest year of offensive football in the game's history.

The Clark Shaughnessy Cinderella story started with the close of the 1939 season. Shaughnessy lost his head-coaching job at the University of Chicago when the game was "tabooed" after a disastrous four-year period. The football doldrums had hit the Stanford campus about that time. The squad from Palo Alto had not tasted a Pacific Coast Conference victory in thirteen games. Unlike Chicago, Stanford didn't throw football overboard. They looked over the coaching mart for another mentor. Just before the 1940 spring training season, the powers that be at Palo Alto announced that they had engaged Clark Shaughnessy, Chicago's dethroned coach. So nothing much was expected of Stanford in 1940.

What happened when Clark Shaughnessy and the Stanford squad put their heads together is football history. The sports writers dubbed that amazing offensive machine the new model T. But in the Shaughnessy system the quarterback not only calls the signals but handles the ball on every play. And, whereas under the old Notre Dame system the backs shift to a box formation left or right from the T, running most of their plays after the shift, Stanford's backs never shift. They use a man in motion to the left or to the right, throwing the balance of power to whichever side he runs. All their plays are run from the T. Thus Stanford employs its deception before the ball is put in play.

What did even more to make Stanford's 1940 record amazing was their ability to come from behind to win. When their opponents stopped their line plays, Frankie Albert, the All-America quarterback, who is returning for 1941, forward-passed them to victory. When passes didn't work, he called the right line plays for the three backfield speed merchants.

Virtually that same Stanford line returns. Of the seven starting linemen, only one is lost by graduation. He is left end Stan Graff, and with him is lost Clem Tomerlin, his replacement. To find a starting left end is one of Shaughnessy's problems. No one with real experience at that post is at hand. Stanford's big difficulty in 1940 was line reserves, particularly on the right side. Reserves may again be a problem this year. Although there are some capable linemen reporting from the 1940 frosh team, they must have experience under varsity fire before they can be counted on.

Stanford will not gain as much ground through line plays as in 1940 because they have lost two of their three fast starting backs—right half Hugh Gallarneau and fullback Norman Standlee. Pete Kmetovic, left half, is the only ball-carrying regular returning. Under the T system, Albert, the quarter, is not used as a ball carrier. To replace Gallarneau and Standlee's speed is another of Coach Shaughnessy's problems. Speed is vitally important to the success of his new model T.

The fullback berth will be taken care of by Milt Vucinich, who is nearly as fast as Standlee on the offensive, but lacks his defensive ability. Eric Armstrong, who was Gallarneau's substitute, will likely be the starting right half.

If Stanford is to repeat last year's success they will have to play even better football. Not that their opponents will be better, but that every one will be gunning for a victory over the champs. To withstand that strain Saturday after Saturday, Stanford must find reserve power.

Last year Stanford's opponents were baffled by the new model T movements. This season they will be better prepared, since in darkened rooms every Pacific Coast coach has run and rerun the slow-motion pictures of his Stanford game as well as of any other Stanford game available.

A look at Stanford's schedule gives other reasons for concluding that the Indians will not represent the Pacific Coast Conference in the Rose Bowl. They will likely win their first four games against Oregon, U. C. L. A., Oregon State, and the University of San Francisco; but when they take on the University of Washington, Santa Clara, and the University of Southern California on successive Saturdays they will be heading for much trouble.

The first Stanford defeat under the Shaughnessy reign will be administered by the University of Washington. The Huskies' first team may not be as strong offensively as Stanford's, but when reserve power and defensive ability are considered, Coach Jim Phelan's squad must be given the edge. What is more, Stanford must travel to the Huskies' home field for that October 25th game. The Huskies have the material to win the Pacific Coast Conference crown and represent the West in the Rose Bowl.

Every Pacific Coast Conference team will taste defeat sometime during the season. The Huskies will get theirs in the first game of the year when they tackle the University of Minnesota. The Gophers are a very strong contender for the national football crown. The rest of Washington's schedule calls for Pacific Coast Conference opponents. Its arrangement is much in the Huskies' favor. Coach Phelan has the material to take

Oregon State, Washington State, and U. C. L. A. in stride, and at the same time build for the crucial game against Stanford. After Stanford, Washington takes a breather in Montana. Then, against California, the Huskies can again shoot the works if they have to, because a free Saturday follows. The University of Oregon and the University of Southern California complete their 1941 schedule.

Coach Phelan's big problem is to fill the right end and right half posts. The loss of right half McAdams' kicking ability must be adjusted. At center Washington may be weaker defensively, Rudy Mucha having played out his eligibility; however, Phelan has switched fullback Harrison to center. The strongest position in the Huskies' line is left guard, where Ray Frankowski shines. He was the only Pacific Coast lineman to be named on Liberty's All-Players All-America team last year.

When the 1941 season ends, the University of California will find itself well up among the leaders. It may even have got a chance at the Pacific Coast Conference title. Coach Stub Allison's California team will be more experienced than last year, but must improve their pass defense and find a capable passer. In all other essentials they can hold their own.

The Trojans from Los Angeles will find 1941 another lean year. The best of 1940's poor passers and "just fair" kickers have played out their eligibility. The late Coach Howard Jones' successor, Sam Barry, must place all his hopes on Bob Robertson, last year's right half, who is being switched to quarterback. Inexperienced reserves will be another serious problem.

The Oregon State team will be eliminated from the Pacific Coast race early because of their terrific schedule. The University of Oregon's lacking essential last season was speed in the backfield. The new Oregon backs will remedy that, but new backs need experience. The University of California at Los Angeles is in the building stage. Coach "Babe" Horrell will field a capable line, but fitting an offensive backfield combination will be the big worry.

Like Oregon State, Washington State's schedule will be their early undoing. Weakness at center and tackle reserves will be evident. They still retain their potency in forward passing. Left half Sewell, their star performer, and left end Susoeff, the pass-catching flankman, return for more play.

Montana and Idaho will compete for the conference cellar spot.

Santa Clara looks like the best non-conference squad on the Coast. This season they take on four conference squads in California, Stanford, Oregon, and U. C. L. A. They should win three of those games. St. Mary's will be better than last year, but it is doubtful if they will again catch the Fordham Rams unaware. The University of San Francisco will be on the upgrade under the capable guidance of their new coach, Jeff Cravath, a Howard Jones disciple. Gonzaga would need reserve strength to take any of their major opponents.

No Pacific Coast team will be seriously hurt by losses due to the selective draft or enlistment. A careful check of the major squads shows that only Oregon and Oregon State have lost first-string players thus, one each —the former its fullback, the latter its center—and that only four others have lost players less important, and in no case has there been more than two of these.

THE END

I'M REALLY NOT THIS GOOD... BUT TH' COACH TELLS ME I'M AROUSED.'
YA SHOULD SEE TH' OTHER GUYS
..EVERY ONE OF THEIR OPPONENTS WILL BE GUNNING FOR THE CHAMPIONS...
PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE
PETE KMETOVIC, LEFT HALF, IS THE ONLY BALL-CARRYING REGULAR RETURNING FOR 1941 DUTY....
...EVERY PACIFIC COAST TEAM WILL TASTE DEFEAT...
I WISH I HAD SOMEONE TO TALK TO
...RESERVES MAY AGAIN BE STANFORD'S PROBLEM....

Down in Nassau, as Governor General of the Bahamas, the Duke of Windsor, once, for a brief time, king of a realm that covered more than thirteen million square miles, now rules over less than five thousand square miles. He is harassed by social and political pettiness; his Duchess, for whom he renounced his power and his throne, is the target for ridiculous and often malicious gossip. His knowledge of the British Empire, his talents as a good-will ambassador, his great capacity for arousing and holding loyalty are all buried in this insignificant outpost.

What would have happened if Edward and Wallis had postponed their marriage? asked Frederick Collins in last week's chapter. And his answer was that if the then king had allowed his reason to triumph over his emotions, he would have been ruling today—and his present Duchess would have been at his side as Queen of England. For, says Mr. Collins, the Church and the intrenched interests merely seized on his proposed marriage to Wallis Simpson as an excuse to get rid of him. Their real objection to him was that he had looked on the poverty in his kingdom and had vowed that something should be done about it—thus threatening the power and wealth of those whose fortunes depended on that poverty.

PART TWO—CLOUDS OVER BUCKINGHAM, THUNDER IN DOWNING STREET

If the Windsor

☆ THE Duke of Windsor, at forty-seven, is one of those rare persons who seems to have pipe-lined the Fountain of Eternal Youth.

Only two other such of the masculine gender have loomed on my personal horizon: James J. Walker, who used to be Mayor of New York, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., whose pieces frequently appear in Liberty.

To their intimates, and to a large section of the general public, Mr. Walker has always been known as Jimmy, Mr. Vanderbilt as Neely; and this is true today, although the former is sixty, and the latter is nearing his middle forties.

Edward Windsor, by the same token and in spite of his royal dignities, is still known as Ted or Teddy to the British public, as David or Digger to his friends.

Men who possess this gift of continuing youth inspire in the hearts of their elders, and even of their aging contemporaries, a sort of brooding affection which can only be described, regardless of sex at the source, as maternal; and at the same time, they often become to young men an inspiring flame, to young women a devastating one.

In all these respects, Edward Windsor has run true to form.

Psychologists tell us that this quality of indestructible youth, although physical in expression, is emotional in origin. The mind may mature in the usual manner and in the usual time. In fact, there is nothing to prevent these ever-youthful individuals from exhibiting the highest mental achievements. But the emotional drive within them gives them the youthful appearance without.

Take Edward's case: He has one of the most alert mentalities in public life today. He sought out Lloyd George in the days when the bigwigs of Whitehall were still high-hatting him, and made the little Welshman his mentor and friend. When Ramsay MacDonald came back into British public life after the first World War, Edward cultivated him, absorbed his theories, his philosophy of life. His closest associates in recent political developments have been Winston Churchill and Alfred Duff Cooper.

Edward's greatest regret as king was that he was barred henceforth from listening to Parliamentary debates from the Visitors' Gallery, where, for fifteen years, he had been a regular attendant.

The Windsors are like that—at least, some of them are. The late Lord Northcliffe once said to me, in speaking of Edward's father: "The King can talk on any subject for three min-

had only Waited

Now it can be told . . . The revealing inside story of a history-making emotional blunder

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

utes better than any other man in the world. If he ever had four minutes at his disposal, no one knows what he might do."

What was true of the father became even more true of the son. Few men in our time have traveled so far, learned so much. He knows everything there is to know about the British Empire from the name of Mahatma Gandhi's tailor to the home life of the duckbill platypus.

In the diversity of his knowledge and the keenness of his interest, especially in world problems, Edward, as a statesman, showed himself a British Roosevelt. But, like Roosevelt, who may have been prevented only by illness from retaining a similar appearance of physical youth, he remains emotionally young.

I now propose to show that it was this emotional youthfulness that brought Edward Windsor to his present and wholly unnecessary fate, that if he had listened to his mature mentality instead of his immature emotionalism, he might now be King of England and Wallis Windsor might be his queen.

It was only after he became king, however, that his emotional youthfulness began to play him false. During his princeship, it, or at least the appearance of physical youthfulness which it generated, was an asset of almost incalculable value to the British government, not only abroad but at home. Some years ago I remember recording a conversation with an old London cabby which would seem just about to sum up the matter.

The cabby's name was Diggs, and he was to be found every morning at what the British, in their quaint way, would call the bottom of St. James's Street. On this particular morning, he was sitting on his box, watching the scarlet sentinels pacing up and down before the palace gates—one to indicate that Queen Alexandra was "out," two to show that the Prince of Wales was "in."

"Ayn't we nice, sir," the old man commented, "givin' 'em palaces an' Tommies an' all that?"

"Yes," I agreed, "I suppose you are."

Just then a bugle sounded from within the palace yard, a squad of eight more scarlet-clad men swept round the corner, the palace gates opened, and out stepped as bonnie a young English gentleman as ever broke lance for maiden's honor. The old cabby's face beamed with fatherly pride. And as the Prince of Wales disappeared down Pall Mall, he gave a long pull on his pipe, and observed, apropos of nothing at all:

"An' ayn't we wise?"

The Englishman, during Edward's princeship, was indeed wise and indeed fortunate.

That the effect of his youthful appeal on women of all ages has also been a source of great personal pleasure to the Prince himself—as well as some tribulation—cannot be denied. In fact, the Prince's "peripatetic gallantry" during the years preceding his

first serious love affair with the American woman who is now his wife and the vicarious enjoyment his people got out of his romantic adventures must be accepted as important factors in the events which preceded the tragedy of his abdication.

Why did the British people react one way to one woman, and quite another way to all the others?

Was it the woman's fault, or was it Edward's?

And who were these other women, anyhow, and what did they have that Wallis Simpson didn't have?

The answers to these questions are of the essence of the problem which we are discussing.

Taking them up in reverse order, there were, at first and almost to the last, the princesses whom his mother wished him to marry. Their number has been placed at fifteen hundred! And during the more than two decades of Edward's "youth," they were brought to Buckingham Palace to go through their paces before Prince Charming.

Windsor scarcely gave any of them a tear, but several—notably Juliana of Holland, Ingrid and Astrid and Marthe of Sweden, Marguerite of Denmark, Marie-José of Belgium, Beatrice of Spain, Yolanda and Mafalda of Italy, Ileana of Rumania, and Marina of Greece (who subsequently married the Duke of Kent)—got a big press.

Most of these royal ladies became wives and mothers long before Edward ceased to be the Bachelor Prince!

Then there were the British entries, advanced somewhat less enthusiastically by old-ideaed Queen Mary but still carrying the trade-mark of family approval. In this group were young women no more royal in their lineage than Wallis Windsor. Many of them came from old Scottish and English families, some few from rather new ones. Not least important in the former group was Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who subsequently found her way to the throne by a marital detour through the Duchy of York.

☆ BY this time Englishmen were having their little jokes in the pubs about the prince who would not marry—friendly jests, mostly, which showed secret admiration for the spunky boy who stood up against his matchmaking mother and refused to marry a woman he did not love. Inevitably, however, the story spread that there was some one already whom he did love, and that some day he would marry this woman of his choice.

Frantic attempts by keyhole columnists, British brand, failed to disclose any figures less shadowy than "a certain Frenchwoman," to whom he was supposed to be secretly married, and "a certain Follies girl," with whom he was said to have had a "terrific affair" while in the United States.

The London stage was combed for a prospective queen who might be even then blushing unseen behind her grease paint. Tallulah Bankhead, Beatrice Lillie, and Gertrude Lawrence each got, in turn, a great publicity build-up. But nothing was uncovered to show that the Prince's interest in these charming ladies was in any way different from that shared by almost every masculine creature designed by nature to walk on two legs.

The question was finally resolved to the temporary satisfaction of everybody—except perhaps Queen Mary and those fifteen hundred itinerant princesses!—by a concentration of the royal interest on beautiful and sprightly Mrs. Dudley Ward, wife of one of his very best friends with whom he went to prize fights on such nights as he wasn't dining and dancing with the best friend's wife.

This pleasant Box-and-Cox arrangement went on for years. But the Prince, who had become a sort of royal Fuller Brush Man, whose job it was to sell the British Empire to the world and to itself, gradually saw less and less of his London dancing partner. Perhaps, like a Hollywood talent scout, he had become interested in new faces. Perhaps Mrs. Ward simply didn't take up her option.

But the point, so far as our present study is concerned, is that the Prince's devotion to this beautiful woman, while it lasted, was as well known to the British government, to the British clergy, and to the British public as his devotion to Mrs. Simpson prior to his becoming king—yet no one, so far as is known, lifted a protesting voice.

Then followed the girl-who-danced-with-the-Prince-of-Wales period.

American and Canadian girls whom he met on his travels—on ocean liners, in night clubs, at official entertainments—figured largely at this time. The young Prince was an enthusiastic dancer; he knew all the steps; and if he found a partner who agreed with him as to how they should be done—in other words, who "fitted"—he would dance with her all night. And the next morning the youthful lovely would wake up to find herself, in the newspapers, an almost-queen in Buckingham.

The names of the young women who figured in these incidents were often quite as well known at the time, and far more widely featured in the gossip columns, than was Mrs. Simpson's name before Edward became king. Even now, they might recall memories of this—to many—most glamorous sequence in the life of Britain's Bachelor Prince.

Most of these charming young ladies doubtless also achieved wifehood in due course, but not to Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales!

This period when Prince Edward was going in for variety in his dancing partners during the backwash resulting from Mrs. Dudley Ward's sudden withdrawal from their ranks, had distressed Mayfair hostesses no end. They just couldn't keep up with the procession! So, when the field narrowed down again to Lady Thelma Furness, sister of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt and aunt of subdeb Gloria Vanderbilt, social London had breathed a sigh of genuine relief.

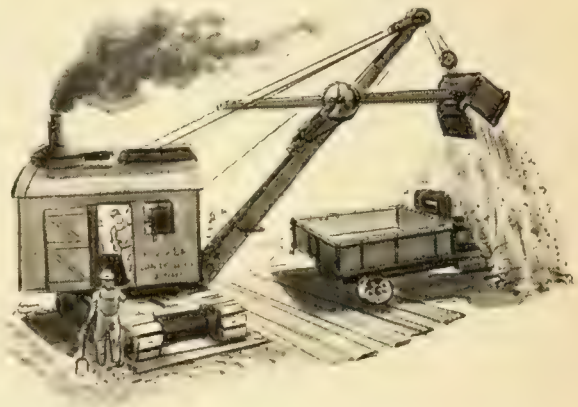
Lady Furness' husband, the shipping magnate, was in every way quite as acceptable as Dudley Ward had been; and her sister was by way of being a Vanderbilt, one of the few American society-page names known to the average Londoner. It was possible to invite her to a dinner or a week-end without too obviously having based the invitation on the expressed wish of the principal guest.

All of which goes to show that London society, and therefore British officialdom, had become thoroughly inured, by an experience extending over two decades, to the presence of women in the personal life of the heir to the throne, and that this general knowledge had been acquired long before the name of Wallis Simpson was known to them or the Prince.

The Thelma Furness incident was no more important than several of the others, except that it occurred without interference by any one just previous to the Prince's much criticized friendship with Mrs. Simpson. In fact, it was through Lady Furness, also an American, that Wallis met her husband-to-be.

The beginnings of this ultimate romance were very like the beginnings of those which had preceded it, and attracted no more than the usual amount of tolerant attention.

Of course the Prince was nice to Thelma's friend. Danced every third dance with her, and all that sort of thing. After a while he raised the ante



"Are you *sure* you don't need glasses, Henderson?"

to every other dance. Connoisseurs were not surprised; for the mysterious ebon-haired oval-eyed Mrs. Simpson —about whom everybody knew a little and nobody knew much—was conceded to be quite as graceful a dancer as Thelma herself.

Then came the winter when King George V was threatened with a recurrence of his serious illness of the year before. This time Buckingham Palace decreed that the heir to the throne should not go on a well deserved vacation to Bermuda but should stick around London "just in case."

This decision was hard on Edward, but it may have been harder still on Thelma, who had already sailed for the star-strewn isle to gain a coat of preliminary tan and to adjust herself to Bermuda's motorless tempo.

Mrs. Simpson, who remained in residence in London, was naturally a great comfort to the Britain-bound Prince. Bernetti, suave headwaiter of Lady Kinnoull's fashionable "43" Club, was doubtless ever on the alert for twosomes instead of threesomes, and gossiping tongues were soon slyly wagging and rolling in Mayfair mouths to the effect that the American lady, who was known chiefly as the very best friend of the very best friend of the Prince of Wales, had been promoted to a higher rank.

So generally was this situation recognized among London society folk, and so little was the political importance ascribed to it, that no one was greatly surprised when, the following winter, at Biarritz, the mantle of mystery dropped altogether from the shoulders of the well chaperoned vacationing pair.

☆ THE gossips around the white tables in the restaurant of the Hotel du Palais and the gamesters around the green tables in the baccarat rooms of the Casino Bellevue scarcely raised a lid when they heard of evening motor trips to St. Tropez to dance to the clickings of Spanish castanets. They blinked hardly perceptibly when they observed that whenever Wallis wore a yellow sweater, Edward wore a yellow cravat; that whenever Mrs. Simpson wore a red evening gown, H. R. H. wore a red carnation in the lapel of his evening coat.

British dowagers simply set the Prince's current favorite lady down as "one of those new-rich American women."

Of course, if those ladies had been as familiar with their Almanach de Gotha as they pretended to be, they would have known that whereas Mrs. Simpson might or might not be rich, she certainly was *not* rich in the new-rich, upstart sense—for the house of Warfield goes back in English history much further than the reigning house of Wettin, or Windsor—as it is now called.

Be that as it may, the Biarritz ladies promptly dismissed Wallis Simpson, and if the Prince had played his cards right, they would have forgotten her. But when the little known American actually hostessed for the heir to the throne at a party to which both gold-laced and strait-laced British notables were invited, every dowager in the Côte d'Argent shrieked in dismay.

It was a shriek heard round the world.

Loud it echoed through the red-plush halls of Buckingham Palace into the prim boudoir of England's Queen.

Louder still it echoed through the mahogany-and-white corridors of No. 10 Downing Street, where strait-laced Lucy Baldwin, close friend of the Archbishop of Canterbury, wielded a more-than-wifely influence over the head of His Majesty's government.

Loudest of all it echoed through the age-old aisles and transepts of Canterbury Cathedral itself, where Cosmo Gordon Lang still exercised a nation-wide religious despotism unparalleled in the modern history of Church and State.

To change the figure, there were clouds over Buckingham, thunder over Downing Street, and lightning over Canterbury. But, as yet, the storm did not break. On January 20, 1936, King George V died, and in the excitement of Edward's assumption of the kingly prerogative, Wallis Simpson was momentarily forgotten.

And in spite of the blunder Edward had made at Biarritz in serving notice, through installing her as official hostess, that his feeling for his new friend was much more serious than had been his feelings for her predecessors, she might have remained forgotten until such time as it was safe and appropriate for her to emerge into prominence at the British Court, if her royal admirer had not tried—excusably but unwisely—to force her down the British throat.

Of course it is easier to say what Edward Windsor should have done, after you—and everybody else—have seen that what he did do was wrong. But from this point it would certainly seem that common sense would have told him that the only way to bring the greatest ultimate happiness to the woman he loved was to shield her from public criticism or even public gaze until he was sure that he would be able to protect her with his name.

☆ BUT what lover was ever common-sensible?

Gallantry, as his emotions construed it, undoubtedly dictated King Edward's course—but even gallantry, as his mentality might have construed it, might have dictated quite a different course. Certainly wisdom would have done so.

A year, at least, he should have given himself, for her sake as well as his own, until he was safely crowned and established in his new position, before intruding his personal life into the national picture.

He knew how bitterly certain elements in the government and among the influential land-owning and mine-owning classes opposed his program for furthering the interests of the poor. Patently he should have given them no excuse for opposing his occupancy of the throne—an excuse on which he might have known they would seize eagerly.

Especially, in the name of gallantry, he should have made whatever immediate sacrifice in personal pleasure and happiness was necessary to keep the woman he loved from becoming that excuse.

If ever an all-year-round-the-world cruise was clearly indicated for any one, it was indicated for Mrs. Ernest Simpson in the spring of 1936.

Instead—on the King's insistence, we are told—she remained in England and brought suit for divorce.

"Wish I could get past my secretary—I'd slip out to the ball game."

From that moment Wallis Warfield Simpson was a marked woman—marked for what H. G. Wells has described as "the most outrageous attack on a woman that has ever been made in England!"

Next week Mr. Collins reveals more of the blunders Edward committed during the short time that he was king —blunders which, in the end, were responsible for his abdication. If he had acted more wisely, could he have eventually married the woman he loved—and still have retained his throne?

Well! said Mr. Pope and looked around at Ed. The horse winked.

BY WALTER BROOK

☆ WHEN Mrs. Pope's Aunt Amelia died Mr. Pope didn't feel very bad. How could he?—he'd never even seen her. Of course I don't mean that he felt good about it either. All of Aunt Amelia's money went to her stepson Laurence Hammersley. And although she had left instructions that her famous string of pearls should go to Mrs. Pope there wasn't much for Mr. Pope to feel gay about in that because while they would look nice on Mrs. Pope he knew she would look just as nice in a ten cent store string which didn't have to be insured for $10,000. So as I say he didn't feel either one way or the other about it and he wore a black necktie and looked solemn for a day or two and that was that.

Of course Mrs. Pope went to the funeral which was in Philadelphia and when she got back to Mount Kisco Mr. Pope asked her about the pearls. O I expect Laurence will send them along soon said Mrs. Pope. But didn't you ask him about them? said Mr. Pope and Mrs. Pope said Why Wilbur at a time like that you can't talk about such things! And Mr. Pope said O.

Well a month went by and nothing was heard from Mr. Hammersley. Mrs. Pope wondered about the pearls some but Mr. Pope didn't say anything because the longer she didn't have them the longer he wouldn't have to pay insurance on them.

And then one day Mr. Pope was walking across Fifty-second Street and he ran into Mr. Hammersley. Why hello Hammersley he said I didn't know you were in town. Mr. Hammersley said a case he was working on had brought him to New York for a few days. Well you must come out to Mount Kisco said Mr. Pope. Carlotta'll want to see you. Mr. Hammersley was kind of evasive but Mr. Pope knew that Mrs. Pope would skin him alive if he let Mr. Hammersley escape so he insisted and finally pinned Mr. Hammersley down to the following evening. And then he said casually I suppose you brought along the famous pearls. The pearls? said Mr. Hammersley. O why no—no I didn't. O said Mr. Pope. Well Carlotta will want to see you just the same I guess. I'll expect you at the office then around four thirty tomorrow.

So Mr. Hammersley came out and they had a nice dinner and Mrs. Pope made a fuss over him and Mr. Pope tried to be entertaining but Mr. Hammersley was about as responsive as a hoptoad and neither of them thought it was a good time to bring up the matter of the pearls. They thought maybe he'd bring it up. But he didn't and so along about midnight Mrs. Pope said Well Laurence I hope you brought Aunt Amelia's pearls along with you.

Eh? said Mr. Hammersley and he looked puzzled and annoyed and then he said Dear me I'm afraid this is all rather awkward. I really wouldn't have come out if I'd realized that you were still under a misapprehension about the pearls. But perhaps it's as well that you brought it up so that we can clear it away.

Mr. Pope had swallowed so many yawns that he was beginning to have indigestion but now he woke up. What misapprehension? he said. Why as you know said Mr. Hammersley mother's entire estate was left to me. There was nothing in the will Carlotta—you heard it read—which stated or even implied that there were any exceptions. *What?* said Mrs. Pope incredulously. You mean you're keeping them yourself? But good heavens Laurence Aunt Amelia told me repeatedly— I have heard you say so said Mr. Hammersley and I will admit that once or twice she made a more or less vague statement to that effect to me. But after all we can only go by her intentions at the time she made her will.

O come Laurence put in Mr. Pope everybody in Carlotta's family knew she was to have those pearls. I know there was such an impression said Mr. Hammersley coldly but unfortunately it was not founded on fact. As executor of the will I have no choice —but to take something that doesn't belong to you! interrupted Mrs. Pope bitterly. Why Laurence I never heard of such a dishonest thing! Wilbur what are you going to do about it?

Well I don't know Carlotta said Mr. Pope. If Laurence wants to grab them I don't see how we can stop him. I suppose maybe if you can get some witnesses who heard your aunt say the pearls were to go to you— I won't have a family lawsuit interrupted Mrs. Pope and if that's all you can think of—why Wilbur I'm amazed at you! Can't you stick up for me in anything? Well I don't know Carlotta said Mr. Pope again but Mrs. Pope didn't let him finish. No! she said contemptuously. You never do! O if I were a man I'd *make* Laurence hand over those pearls if I had to break every bone in his body! I think you can be thankful said Mr. Hammersley that Wilbur is not the kind of man who would care to attempt anything violent. If you ask me he is being very sensible. Mrs. Pope glared at him a moment and tried to think of something to say but all she could think

Prepare for laughs . . The talking horse is in again!

Ed Takes The Cockeyed *Initiative*

guess you know about Ed. He was Mr. Pope's horse. Mr. Pope used to ride him week-ends. When he found the animal could talk it was quite a surprise though a pleasant one for while Ed wasn't exactly cultured he had sense and everybody knows that horse sense is better than any other. I suppose it is what you call common sense. And Lord knows Ed was common.

So Mr. Pope told Ed about the pearls. There were eighty-six of them he said. Graduated. Wouldn't you know it? said Ed. You wouldn't catch that guy traveling around with a lot of common pearls. Pearls from educated oysters I suppose. Well they aren't cultured pearls anyway said Mr. Pope and then he had to explain the difference between cultured and natural pearls and how in both cases it was an irritation in the oyster that produced the pearl. Ed thought that if an oyster handed out a pearl every time it got irritated it might be a good idea to get some oysters and tease them. I wish Cousin Laurence was an oyster he said. You aren't much help Ed said Mr. Pope. There ain't any help for you Wilb said the horse because you want people to think you're polite. Underneath you're just as vulgar as I am. Of the earth earthy—that's us Wilb. But you got a kind of veneer onto you and you're afraid of gettin' it scratched. Now if it was me I'd go down to Philly and sock that guy in the nose and raise such a public howl that he'd rather give you the pearls than have a scandal. Sure maybe you'd get thrown in the can but how do you think he'd like that? Only you won't do it. Mr. Pope said no that was out. Well there you are said Ed.

So a month went by and Mrs. Pope stayed pretty irritated about the pearls and I guess she'd have been more irritated if she hadn't had something else to be irritated about. This something was a man who had taken the Haight place. His name was Jelks. But Mrs. Pope didn't mind this so much. What she minded was that the Haight place—which was a three-room cottage with a big studio—was shoved right tight up against the Pope place so that if you sat in the Haight garden when the Popes were in their garden you were practically a member of the Pope family circle. And Mr. Jelks was not possessed of those endearing qualities which might make him acceptable as a member. He was a wiry young-old man with a derisive expression which was at once reinforced and made ambiguous by a bad squint. And it was his pleasure to sit in his garden in the cool of the evening and stare at the Popes—now and then laughing quietly to himself.

Mr. Pope maintained that Mr. Jelks was merely smiling gently at his own thoughts. Mrs. Pope said she didn't doubt it and that merely showed what kind of man he was to have that kind of thoughts. And as for staring at you said Mr. Pope nobody but a trained oculist could tell what he was staring at. You could tell quickly enough if you wanted to said Mrs. Pope. Maybe you don't mind that gargoyle sitting there snickering at us but if you had any consideration for me you'd make him stop it. O come Carlotta said Mr. Pope you can't prevent him sitting in his own garden. I admit he's a nuisance but I understand he's only taken the place for two months. We can put

(*Continued on page 38*)

of was Bah! so she said it and jumped up and left the room. Well said Mr. Pope after a moment perhaps we had better go to bed.

So Mr. Hammersley left in the morning before Mrs. Pope got up and Mr. Pope left with him. Mr. Pope was not very happy about the affair. He couldn't say to himself that he hadn't done anything because that was just what Mrs. Pope was mad at. She made him feel that he'd been pretty weak-kneed. He talked to Ed about it. I

"Philip, why don't you tell me how I can help you? I—I want to help."

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

New thrills sweep through a stirring novel as tensely a dangerous masquerade begins

Philip Layden, a young American in Europe, offers his services to Paul Ravineau, once premier of France, now in hiding in Marseilles because of his de Gaullist activities. Philip is to pose as Bardi, an Italian pianist, and, with Maria Lantera, a singer, is to join one of the troupes of entertainers which the Nazis are sending into occupied territories. His real job will be to meet the anti-Nazis wherever he goes and help install radio sets so that England can communicate with her sympathizers on the Continent.

Philip persuades Ravineau to allow Mignon Gaudin, a young French girl who has fled from her home after killing a Nazi officer, to take Maria Lantera's place and work with him. He and Mignon meet the real Bardi and Lantera in Switzerland, get passports and identification papers, assume their new identities and go to Germany.

Before taking on this dangerous masquerade, Philip printed anti-Nazi pamphlets in Switzerland and smuggled them into occupied France. During his stay at a small Swiss pension, he met and fell in love with a beautiful Austrian refugee, Lisa Abernathil.

Yet, in spite of his infatuation for her he doesn't quite trust her; he suspects she is a Nazi spy. Even after Georges Siblot, a Free French agent, tells him that Lisa has been planted in the Gestapo by the de Gaullists Philip's suspicions persist.

He is horrified, therefore, when he and Mignon, as Rico Bardi and Maria Lantera, report to one Herr von Seidtz in Bayreuth, to hear that "Fraulein Abernathil" is to direct the troupe of entertainers which they have joined. To give Lisa time to recover herself as she enters the room—in case she doesn't want to betray him—he pretends to have a violent coughing spell.

PART SIX—PERIL . . AND THE MEMORY OF A KISS

☆ PHILIP bent in a sudden and terrible paroxysm of coughs. It was the worst seizure he'd had in Herr von Seidtz's presence; probably as violent as any Rico Bardi himself had ever suffered. The coughs rose out of the depths of his chest, loud and rasping and choked. He seemed blinded by tears as he groped toward the door. On the threshold he collided with Lisa Abernathil.

"*Scusatemi!*"

When he bumped against her, his head was bent. She hadn't seen his face. Now, as he pressed on, he forced her to turn. So it was that when he did lift his face, and she saw it, she was looking away from Herr von Seidtz. Her back was to the inner office, and those in it couldn't observe her expression.

That was fortunate. She was stunned. Her mouth opened. She caught her breath on a gasp that was overwhelmed by the sounds of Philip's coughs. Von Seidtz, had he been able

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

Tomorrow we march

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

to watch her, would certainly have seen enough to rouse his suspicion. As it was, he saw only Lisa's back—and beyond her Philip, coughing in that dreadful convulsive way.

Von Seidtz called, "*Wasser!* Give the man a drink!"

The clerk in the outer office hurried away for water. Philip, leaning helplessly against a desk while the coughs continued to rack him, held a handkerchief to his mouth. This spasm, the lunge through the door, had been the only way he could devise to turn Lisa away from von Seidtz.

Now she was recovering from the shock. Seeing that, he let his coughs subside.

Of course, Mignon had hurried out to him. He realized he had never mentioned Lisa Abernathil to her. She must have been bewildered by his actions. Putting an arm across his shoulders, she stammered anxious queries in Italian. Was he all right? Did he wish to go out into the air? Philip reassured her, patted her arm. It was nothing; it would pass.

The clerk brought the water. After that, somewhat shamefacedly, Philip returned to the inner office. "I am sorry," he said to Herr von Seidtz. "It is my souvenir from Ethiopia."

Von Seidtz ignored the explanation. He waved a blunt hand to Lisa. "Fräulein Abernathil, Signorina Lantera and Signor Bardi. If you three will sit down with Herr Werther, you can arrange all necessary matters."

Herr von Seidtz picked up his hat and left them with a curt "Heil Hitler." He knew the Italians would be delayed here for some time. Those were his orders. So he showed no haste when he went off to the Künstler Hof to search their baggage. Such a search was routine in the work of Herr von Seidtz. . . .

"*Also,*" said Herr Werther, "you have questions you wish to ask, Fräulein Abernathil."

And Philip Layden drifted into a half hour that had an air of dreamlike unreality.

He sat beside Sigmund Werther, under scores of pictures of Richard Wagner, listening to Lisa and Mignon talk. Lisa, beautiful, relaxed, toying with a pin at her throat and chatting as though she were at a tea party. Mignon performing her own role perfectly, too, with graceful flourishes of hands and exaggerated rollings of eyes. She told of singing in Rome, at this theater and that café. With skill that astonished Philip as he watched her, she adopted the hyperbole she had found in Maria Lantera's biographical writings: the lyrics of this composer's songs, she said, were luxuriant, *lussureggiante;* the music of that one was full of *esuberanza.* He had to admire this acting of Mignon's: it was fascinating. And he couldn't help marveling at the way she, a Frenchwoman, managed to make herself understood with a hodgepodge of Italian and German.

But no less did he marvel at Lisa. Surely Lisa could see that this whole situation was a pretense. Yet, in the presence of Herr Werther, she remained gracious and calm, interested in every word that Mignon uttered.

Looking at Lisa Abernathil, Philip himself couldn't be at ease. Her flaxen hair rolling up from her forehead, the dark eyes, the clear and exquisite skin—all conspired to remind him of an unforgettable night in Geneva when he had crushed her in his arms. . . . He wanted desperately to talk to her. Alone. He *had* to talk to her. There were so many things he had to ask. His safety and Mignon's, their very lives, now hung on Lisa's discretion. If ever she chose to say a word to von Seidtz, it would mean instant arrest and a firing squad.

Suddenly she turned to him, smiling. "And you, Signor Bardi? How shall I introduce you?"

"Not at all, *per piacere.*"

"But you are a performer."

"On the stage I am like the piano. I am there only to support the singing."

Lisa laughed with a lovely melody in her voice. "But you are too modest! Don't you play a solo between Signorina Lantera's songs? While she rests?"

"No; I do not play well enough for that."

Herr Werther interrupted. "It will not be necessary, Fräulein. The program is sufficiently long without piano solos." He rose. "You have all the information you require now, *nicht wahr?*"

"I believe so."

"*Gut.* If you will remain with me, we will make the additions to your speech." He gave Mignon and Philip a brief smile. "Rehearsal at ten tomorrow. Until then you are free to inspect the city. When you return to the Künstler Hof you will meet the rest of the troupe. Fräulein Abernathil will be there. She will introduce you to the others."

So he was to see Lisa again today, Philip thought. That was good. . . . The bald director was pointedly waiting for him to leave, and Mignon was drawing on her gloves. Yet there was still one question which had to be asked. A dangerous question. On its answer the future of this whole enterprise might depend.

As though it were an afterthought, Philip inquired of Herr Werther, "Are there any other Italians in our troupe?"

"*Jawohl.* Riscaldi, the juggler. This week he is playing with a company in Warsaw. But he will join us next week when we go to Czecho-Slovakia." Herr Werther turned his smile to Mignon. "Perhaps you know him, signorina. He has performed often in Rome."

☆ A FEW minutes later, walking down the long hill from the Festspielhaus, Mignon Gaudin showed her apprehension. "This Riscaldi," she whispered. "If he knows Maria Lantera, what can we *do?*"

Philip shook his head.

"To have so great a mission," she groaned, "and to have so many things threaten to ruin it!"

He said, "We'll manage Riscaldi

some way." A harsh little laugh broke from him. "This kind of life teaches you to manage many things, Mignon."

They walked in silence for a time, passing groups of brown-shirted men, who eyed them suspiciously. The late sun was warm and rosy, and Bayreuth, below them, had a strange beauty in the afternoon light. But they didn't notice beauty now. They had Riscaldi to think about, and the sense of being surrounded by Nazi brownshirts; and Philip had Lisa Abernathil in his mind. . . .

"*Dieu,*" Mignon abruptly demanded, "what happened to you before? Did you have to cough with such violence?"

Philip was tempted to smile. For her own safety, he realized, he ought to tell her about Lisa Abernathil. In a way, Lisa constituted danger for them both. So, talking in low tones while Mignon clung to his arm, he told her what he knew. Whenever they approached any one, he became silent. But long before they reached the Richard-Wagner Strasse he had told her everything—except that once he had kissed Lisa with a kiss that had welled up out of his heart. . . .

When he finished, Mignon's eyes were wide. "Yet you say," she whispered, "that Georges Siblot has confidence in her."

"Yes. But so, apparently, has Herr von Seidtz."

That worried Mignon. She tried to dispel the worry by arguing, "*Mais voyons,* if she was against us, Philip, would she not have told them today, at once, that you are not Rico Bardi? She did nothing at all."

Philip thought, *For four long weeks she did nothing in Geneva, either. Then, without warning, she smashed everything.*

But to Mignon he said, "I don't know what to think. Inside me there's a—a kind of warning, a premonition, to be careful of her. I hope I'm wrong."

They came into the heart of the city, but they didn't bother about the sights. It was too uncomfortable to walk through streets patrolled by Nazi troops and brownshirts; to know that every man they passed, guessing they were foreigners, regarded them with penetrating curiosity. Instead they went back to the Künstler Hof, where they had been given adjoining rooms with a private connecting door—rooms on whose walls hung the inevitable pictures of Hitler.

☆ NOTHING at the hotel suggested that their effects had been searched. Their luggage was as they had left it. When Philip opened his grip, there was no disarrangement.

Yet at that moment, in the office of the Festspielhaus, Herr von Seidtz was lighting a cigarette and saying to Lisa, "You will report on these Italians regularly, Fräulein."

"To you?"

"To the Gestapo chief in whatever city you happen to be."

Sigmund Werther, who had been swinging anxious eyes from von Seidtz to Lisa, asked in uneasy tones, "Is there anything wrong with them?"

"Their clothes." Von Seidtz blew out the match, tossed it into a tray, and gazed at its smoke. "There are no labels."

Werther, lacking the Gestapo quality of mind, looked puzzled. Then he said, with a laugh that held faint mockery, "You do not understand actors, Herr von Seidtz."

"*Bitte?*"

"People like Maria Lantera—second-rate singers who cannot afford expensive clothes—they still have pride. Rather than exhibit cheap labels, they cut them off altogether."

"You may be right," said von Seidtz. "Still, I want them watched. I rely on you, Fräulein."

Lisa nodded.

As he smoked, von Seidtz sent a speculative eye over the curves of her figure. Despite his own unhappy experience with it, he could not help admiring Lisa's body. And he suspected it would affect other men as it had affected him. It could be put to use.

"You should have no difficulty," he said, "in becoming intimate with Rico Bardi. You will use every possible means to make him talk freely of himself. . . . It is understood?"

Lisa drew a deep breath. "It is understood."

"What is it, Werther?" asked von Seidtz. "You do not like my arrangements?"

The plump director looked annoyed. "Were they not investigated in Italy, these two, before they came to us?"

"Italian investigations are worthless."

"Still, I do not see why Italians should wish to send spies here. They are our allies—"

Herr von Seidtz laughed at that—a scornful laugh. He gave Sigmund Werther a bitter look.

"If there is one thing we must learn," he said, "it is to trust nobody. Are we not teaching the children that even parents must not be trusted?"

"*Jawohl.*" Werther sounded bewildered. "But—"

"And no foreigner can be investigated too closely," von Seidtz insisted, still bitter. "Have you forgotten the Communists? Once we thought it unnecessary to investigate *them.* And we were undermined by their G. P. U. They dug under Germany, with their rotten underground work, like moles. Their BB-*Apparat* working in factories. Their M-*Apparat* in the army, in the navy. Their S-*Apparat* in espionage. Their P-*Apparat* demoralizing the German police. Their N-*Apparat* operating passport mills. . . . *Gott in Himmel,* we were so undermined, so honeycombed with Communist cells that we almost collapsed. Have you forgotten the Hamburg strikes? The riots? Germany must never make such a mistake again. Never! Today the democracies are trying to undermine us with a new system of *Apparats.* Oh, we know it! We are not stupid. We are not blind. We know what is happening. But today we are prepared. We are on guard. We will rip out their agents and kill them like vermin wherever they are found. I do not say that these two Italians are our enemies, but I do say we cannot trust them. They must be watched every minute! . . . By you too, Werther!"

☆ THAT night Philip couldn't sleep. Lying in his bed at the Künstler Hof, he heard the deep-toned clock in the lobby toll midnight, and one, and two. A dozen times, in exasperation, he tried to stop thinking. It was useless.

He knew now that next week the troupe would go to Czecho-Slovakia. A two weeks' engagement in Prague, where his underground efforts must begin. He had memorized the names of Czecho-Slovakians who were ready to fight in the anti-Nazi crusade. All they asked was help, leadership. And he must give it to them. He must arrange for the immediate delivery of short-wave radio sets. It would be like planting mines to explode under the feet of Nazism.

And in Prague, if there was an opportunity, he wanted to see his sister Anne, with her husband and her child. If a visit could be managed without endangering his mission . . .

Yet it was not wholly of such things he thought. They were important, yes. But his mind, for the most part, was full of Lisa Abernathil.

He had seen her often during the evening. Only once, however, for a few brief seconds had he been alone with her. That was on his way to dinner. He'd had the impression that Lisa had been watching for him, for she had followed him down the stairs, reaching him on the landing between floors. Her hand had seized his, and her closeness had stirred him in a way that had left him shaken. He remembered how she had looked be-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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How to Solve a *Problem* Wife

If the lady's wacky, it's simple . . Here's what to do—from one who knows!

"Lady, would that undersized husband of yours be interested in a physique like mine?"

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY GEORGE BURNS

☆ MAYBE I'm getting too sensitive—but when a man asks me how to handle a problem wife, I'm fit to be tied. You see, I married Gracie Allen—so asking me about problem wives is like asking a man with a fractured skull what to do when you bump your head.

If you're a husband who thinks he's married to a jigsaw puzzle from which several pieces are missing—well, how would you like to be in my shoes?

Just today, for instance, I came home to find a ton of soft coal and two cords of wood blocking the driveway. We burn gas, so I thought it must be a mistake. But it wasn't. Gracie had bought the coal and wood to feed to a couple of silkworms—so they could make nylon and counteract the silk shortage! Is *your* problem wife like that?

Of course history has provided us with some famous problem wives like Lollia Paulina, wife of a Caesar, who wore an evening gown worth two million dollars, and Mary Shelley, wife of the poet, who spent her spare time writing Frankenstein. But they were merely average.

And it didn't take me long to realize that Gracie isn't the average problem wife. That's probably because she doesn't come from the average problem family. During our honeymoon I began to get suspicious when I first met her family and got a peep at their model farm. One tip-off was the fact that her father was going barefooted

—he'd nailed his shoes up over the stable doors because the horses thought it would bring them good luck. Gracie assured me her daddy was mentally sound—he was only a little worried, she said, because his two cows were so old that the only way he could get any milk out of them was by drawing it out with a poultice!

Another incident, among the things that set me wondering, was when Gracie took me out to the barn and introduced me to a donkey named Uncle Gilbert. This was a matter of sentiment, she explained. A few months before, they'd sent her Uncle Gilbert to town to sell the donkey for twenty dollars. Apparently he couldn't get the price, but some sort of sale had been concluded—because that night the donkey came home with a ten-dollar bill in his mouth!

After a week on this muddled farm I began hinting to Gracie that she and her family seemed a little bit on the eccentric side. "Well, why don't you go and have yourself psychoanalyzed and find out what's the matter with us?" she suggested. It didn't make sense, but it was the best offer I'd ever had from her—so I went.

The psychoanalyst was fascinated by my story of Gracie and her family. Quietly he listened as I told how they kept her grandfather in the broom closet because he was a Hoover man—how they were trying to develop chickens with double chins so there'd be more meat on their necks—how her brother was so kind to animals he spent all his spare time in a Turkish bath having a masseur pat the dog tattooed on his back—until finally I was explaining how Gracie's mother was a little nearsighted and was always mistaking billboards for postage stamps and trying to lick them and stick them on letters.

At this point the psychoanalyst interrupted me.

"Mr. Burns," he said, "do you ever see spots before your eyes?"

I said that I didn't.

☆ "WELL," he continued, "if you ever do see spots, just make believe they're tapioca and put sugar and cream on them. They're delicious!" And, with a peculiar laugh, he put on his strait jacket and went home.

A year or so later I met a psychiatrist who was a little more helpful—but not much. "You've got nothing to worry about," he said cheerfully. "You're merely in the same boat as a man who's climbed a tree and caught a grizzly bear and wants somebody to help him let go of it!"

His theory was that Gracie needed something entirely apart from her married life to interest her and make her feel independent. Then he wanted to know if she had any hobbies. Well, Gracie has nothing but hobbies—hobbies and hallucinations—so I told him a few of them.

He nodded approvingly when I told him that Gracie played badminton, but he was a trifle puzzled about why she used lamb chops instead of "birds." I had to explain that batting the lamb chops back and forth made them nice and tender for dinner.

He was also keenly interested in Gracie's surrealist-painting fad—and when I told him she painted her nightmares on panes of glass so she could see them from either side, he got very enthused. By the time I got around to her collecting hobby he was really excited. You see, since I've been with her, Gracie has collected twelve tons of tin foil, 245,000 old phone books, sixty-five and a half miles of string, four trunkfuls of broken rubber bands, and in a safety-deposit box she has nearly three thousand pits from olives that used to be in chicken tamales.

The psychiatrist said he'd like to meet her and interest her in his hobby, which was gardening. He told me that he'd collected 19,000 bottle tops and when he got time he was

"But how can we *live* on a dollar a year, Horace?"

going to plant them and raise a beer garden! I've never been back to see him!

However, the biggest problem with Gracie is her attitude toward door-to-door salesmen. The other day a very husky, handsome, and athletic young man came to the door. He said, "Lady, would that pygmy, undersized husband of yours be interested in a physique like mine?"

"No," she answered; "but I would!"

People are always suggesting things that will keep Gracie busy, but what I'm really looking for is something that will keep her from keeping busy. Every now and then some well meaning person tells Gracie she ought to try her hand at writing. This is fairly harmless, except that she usually writes her stories on my white dinner shirts. More than once I've had to take my coat off at a banquet—so she could show some producer her latest original!

Just to give you an idea why you haven't seen much of her writing in print lately, here's one I found on one of my handkerchiefs. It's called: "Ugh! Ugh!—A Short Short Novel in Indian Dialect." Here's how:

"Once upon a time heap big Indian Chief named Short Cake marry heap big Squaw. Squaw, she heap pretty and heap bad cook. One day she feed Chief Short Cake heap big mushrooms to see if they are toadstools. They are. And heap big Chief get heap sick and die, and next day *Squaw bury Short Cake!* Finis!"

Gracie has also tried writing mystery stories, but she had to give it up. She could never keep the murderer's name a secret after the first paragraph! She not only has a single-track mind, but it's also a sidetrack!

People often ask me about my problem wife and matrimony, and I've come to one conclusion: Too many marriage bonds are guilt-edged. Eventually, union with a problem wife boils down to this formula:

Before marriage I talked—she listened. After marriage she talked—I listened. Now we both talk—the neighbors listen!

☆ THEY tell me the trouble with most problem wives is that they're very unhappy or very bored, but that's not Gracie's trouble. Nothing bores her and everything makes her happy. She even gets pleasure out of simple little things like taking care of my clothes. Not so long ago I discovered she'd sent all my coats to the tailor for alterations—she had them put buttonholes where the buttons had been. How do I fasten a coat that has only two rows of buttonholes down the front? With my extra cuff links, of course! Even Gracie could see that would be logical.

She's crazy about cooking—and crazy is the right word for it. When she makes an upside-down cake, she serves it upside down. Even the plate on top of it is upside down! For years I've been trying to get four-minute eggs for breakfast, but when Gracie gets my breakfast the eggs are always soft. She says that's because her hands are very tender—she can't hold an egg in boiling water longer than two minutes!

Furthermore, she won't use cookbooks because a recipe once fooled her. It was a recipe for a six-egg layer cake, and she was very disappointed because the cake didn't lay one egg, let alone six!

I could go on for days telling things that make Gracie a problem wife, but it wouldn't be of much help to other husbands and it doesn't even make me feel better to get it off my chest. Actually, I don't know any more about handling a problem wife than I do about handling a golf club. Just when I think everything is going all right, she slices and the next thing I know she's got me in a sand trap.

Frankly, I originally married Gracie because she was different from other women—she was the only one who would have me! And underneath it all, I guess I'm like all husbands. For I too don't know how to get along with a problem wife—but I wouldn't know how to get along without her, either; and the funny part of it is, I wouldn't want to know!

THE END

Actual color photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Want this in your cigarette?"

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"BELIEVE me—fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after...and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country...so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Of course you want milder, better-tasting tobaccos in your cigarette—the kind that bring higher prices at the auctions. Next time you step up to a cigarette counter, why not be sure you *get* these finer tobaccos? Ask for Lucky Strike.

Remember: independent tobacco experts — buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen — smoke Luckies by an overwhelming majority...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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Who will be the Hero of the World Series?

One you least suspect, says a famous veteran.

P.S. . . he picks the National League to win!

BY DOLLY STARK

Ex-National League umpire
as told to
JERRY D. LEWIS

☆ THIS year will see the thirty-eighth annual World Series settled, as usual, by the experts before the first game. The experts consistently pick the American League. I think that will be wrong this year. I am picking the National League for one reason: While the Yankees are just as great a slugging team as ever, they do not have the pitching they have had heretofore. If you doubt that pitching and not hitting is what wins World Series, look back at the last eight or ten and see who stands out in your memory of them: Hubbell, Schumacher, and Luque in '33; the Deans, Dizzy and Daffy, in '34; Schoolboy Rowe and Tommy Bridges in '35; Ruffing, Gomez, and Pearson in '36, '37, '38, and '39; and Paul Derringer and Bucky Walters last year.

Yes, the National League will win this year's series because the Yankees don't have any standout pitching ace.

And who will be the hero of the series? Well, if baseball history repeats itself, he'll be some heretofore unsung player who looks now like a run-of-the-mill performer.

Substitutes have been heroes before, and they will be again. Invariably the hero of a World Series has come from baseball's "common people." And sometimes the "goat" has come from the ranks of the truly great. Ty Cobb, for instance, played in three World Series and left on the books the somber batting average of .262, over a hundred points lower than his lifetime average. Mickey Cochrane and Rogers Hornsby both averaged a slim .245 off World Series pitching. In addition, Hornsby, in the 1929 series, set a new record when he struck out eight times! Wallie Berger, who was a top-flight hitter, played in two World Series and three all-star games, and never got a hit!

The granddaddy of all World Series upsets goes back to the Boston Braves-Philadelphia Athletic series in 1914. Connie Mack had his $100,000 infield and a great pitching staff which included Chief Bender, Eddie Plank, and Jack Coombs. In the National League, the Boston Braves were in last place on July 4, but in a tremendous surge they swept on to win the flag—and to win for their manager, George Stallings, the title of "Miracle Man of Baseball."

In Philadelphia, before the World Series opened, a Boston newspaperman asked Eddie Collins, the A's magnificent second sacker, now business manager of Tom Yawkey's Red Sox, how he thought it would go.

"It'll be over in four games," he said. "That's my guess. I think they'll have to be very lucky to win a game from us."

Collins was dead right in his four-games guess. His only slight mistake was that the winner was—the Braves!

And the hero of that upset, to prove our point further, was a young catcher on the Braves named Hank Gowdy. During the regular season he had compiled the dismal batting average of .243. Against the pitching

(Continued on second page following)

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!

1.

Eustace was an Ambitious Elephant who saved his Peanuts and spent his evenings studying Memory Courses.

Yet Eustace was no mere Stodgy Grind. At heart, he was a Romantic Soul.

2.

Maggie was a beautiful Circus Star who was bored with Pomp and Parades.

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3.

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(Continued from second page preceding)

of the best flingers of his time, he hit a sizzling .545! You figure it out.

I don't know what makes a World Series hero act the way he does. Most of them have absolutely no license to play the kind of ball they do play when $100,000 rides on every pitch. But I do know one thing they all have in common—*confidence.*

I was one of the umpires in the 1931 series. On the Athletics were such stars as Mickey Cochrane, Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons, Lefty Grove, and George Earnshaw. On the Cardinals were top-rankers like Paul Derringer, Frankie Frisch, and Burleigh Grimes. Did Lady Fate put her finger on one of those players? Not on your life! She chose an insignificant outfielder, Pepper Martin.

During the 1931 spring training season the Cardinals played a series of exhibition games against the Athletics. In the first game Lefty Grove pitched against the Cards. As Frisch, Bottomley, and the other Redbirds failed to hit his fast balls, Martin, a raw rookie from Rochester, said to Manager Gabby Street:

"I kin hit that sucker."

Street looked at him, amazed. "That ain't a sucker, son. That's Lefty Grove."

"I don't care what his name is. Lemme at 'im!"

Street put the youngster up as a pinch hitter in the next inning, and he teed off on Grove's first pitch for a triple. From that time on, he murdered the Athletic pitchers. In the fall every one had forgotten about it—every one but Martin. On the field before the first game, he looked at me and said:

"I killed these guys down South. They're the same guys up North they were down South, except you can't see any palm trees on this field."

☆ YOU know what Martin did, of course. He tied the series record for hits with twelve, tied the record for stolen bases, and set a new all-time high for batting averages in a seven-game series with a mark of .500!

I remember another series hero who had plenty of confidence. In the last week of September, 1936, a young fellow walked into the office of Sidney Piermont, booker for the Loew vaudeville circuit, and said:

"I'd be willing to take $2,500 to play the State Theater the week after the World Series."

"You would?" Piermont said. "Who do you think you are—Hubbell?"

"No," said the young fellow. "I'm Jake Powell, and I'm going to be the star of this series."

Piermont didn't sign him, but he was sorry he hadn't, because Jake Powell really was the star of the 1936 series. Starting with three hits—one of them a double—in the first game, off the pitching of Carl Hubbell, he rolled up a .455 batting average and set a new record for runs scored in a six-game series. And yet, during the 1936 season one of the few Yankees who did not hit .300 was—that same Jake Powell!

Perhaps the two most memorable pitching feats of modern series history were formed by a pair of twirlers who certainly didn't figure to be as good as they were—Howard Ehmke and Grover Cleveland Alexander. In 1929 Ehmke had already celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday, and he had seen his best days long before. During that season he appeared in eleven games, and struck out only twenty batters. In midseason he hurt his pitching arm. It looked like the end of his career. For the last two months of the season his name did not appear in any box score. He was not even traveling with the ball club.

In that 1929 series Connie Mack had three big pitching stars, Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw, and Rube Walberg. No expert dared guess which of the three Connie would start in the opener. Before the first game he had Grove warming up in front of the Athletic dugout. No one had seen him call Howard Ehmke into his office before the team meeting and say: "Well, Howard, you've been scouting the Cubs for two months now, so you should know them fairly well. Do you think you can beat them today if I give you the chance?"

Ehmke, always a great competitor, was sure of it.

"All right. I'll have Grove warm up in front of the dugout, and you sneak under the stands and warm up."

☆ WHEN Ehmke walked out to the mound, I said to Bill Corum, "Connie may be a genius, but he won't get away with this. This guy won't last an inning!"

He did. He lasted all nine and beat the Cubs. What was more, he set a new World Series record by striking out thirteen in nine innings!

In 1926 Grover Cleveland Alexander had been pitching for seventeen years and had reached the wheelchair age of thirty-nine. That season he had been traded to the Cardinals by the Cubs because he was too old. If he had pitched one game in that World Series and won it, he would have been doing an excellent job. Instead, he pitched and won the second and sixth games, allowing the slugging Yankees only four runs in eighteen innings!

Sometimes Lady Fate merely lends a player the hero's crown. In 1924 the Giants' regular third baseman, Heine Groh, was injured. Eighteen-year-old utility infielder Freddie Lindstrom took his place. That year the Giants' opponents were the Washington Senators. After seventeen years Sir Walter Johnson had gotten into his first World Series.

Young Lindstrom got four hits in that first game, thus making an unsung substitute the hero once more. He stayed hot all through that series until the last game. Then Lady Fate decided that Freddie wasn't the boy with whom she wanted to dance, after all. In the eighth inning Bucky Harris came to the plate with two out and the bases loaded. His team was two runs behind. He hit a pitch down the third-base line, and it hit a pebble, bounced clear over Lindy's head, and allowed the tying runs to score!

"I don't know why," Bucky later told me, "but I knew then that the Giants were through. I knew Fate wasn't going to bring Johnson this far and then let him down without a World Series victory."

☆ THE game went along until the twelfth inning, when the Senators loaded the bases again. Up to the plate came Earl McNeely, a rookie outfielder who was plainly nervous. He hit a pop foul in back of the plate, and it was a cinch for Hank Gowdy, who ripped off his mask and started to circle under the ball. What happened then was an accident I have yet to see repeated. As he was about to pocket the pill and end the inning, he stepped on his mask and dropped the ball as he tripped! McNeely swung at Jack Bentley's next pitch, and hit the easiest kind of roller down the third-base line. As Lindy stooped over to pick the ball up, it hit another—or maybe the same!—pebble, and bounced over his shoulder, as the winning run was escorted over the plate by Lady Fate—or Luck.

The greatest goat in World Series history was Roger Peckinpaugh. It was in 1925, and Peck had had a great season, had been very instrumental in bringing Washington its second successive pennant, had received the 1925 Most Valuable Player Award.

Came the tough World Series against the Pittsburgh Pirates, and Peckinpaugh set a new World Series record that still stands—a record for making errors, eight of them, and blowing the series for the Senators!

Last year Dick Bartell was named by most experts as the goat of the series because he failed to relay Bruce Campbell's throw to the plate in the seventh inning of the last game. What happened was that Frank McCormick was on second base when Jimmy Ripple hit a high fly ball to deep right field. It bounded off the screen back onto the field, and Ripple stopped at second. When the ball was hit, shortstop Bartell went into short right field to take the throw from Campbell and relay it to Pinky Higgins in case Ripple had any ideas of stretching his hit into a triple. How was he to have any notion that a fast base runner like McCormick would tarry between third and home with the winning run of the series? His back was to the plate, and if any one should have been blamed, it should have been Charlie Gehringer, who failed to yell to Bartell to throw the ball to the plate.

So the truth is, Dick Bartell was no goat last year. The only thing I can say is that he's good enough to have been a goat, though. Because the goats in World Series come from among the stars—and the stars come from the ranks of the unsung.

THE END

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* * *

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For every woman who really cares about her appearance and the impression it makes upon others, there is a marvelous new plan by which any woman can have a new face in ten days. This simple plan has been evolved by Francesca Doane after extensive surveys of the systems used by famous authorities in America's leading beauty salons. What can be accomplished is based upon pure common sense judiciously used. Now's the time to get in the ground work when one's skin is in a sad state from the effects of outdoor life in summer sun. Now's the time to give yourself a new outlook. You can do it if you will read and abide by this exceptionally fine article, "Ten Day Beauty Plan," in the October issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, the Intimate Magazine of Beauty and Health. . . . *On sale now at all newsstands.*

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR

By Victor Heiser, M.D.

Your doctor can do wonders for your health, but he can't do it all. He counts upon you to help him, for in the last analysis your health is in your own hands. One of the highlights of the new October PHYSICAL CULTURE is a condensed version of "You're the Doctor," by Victor Heiser, M.D., famous author of the famous best sellers, "An American Doctor's Odyssey" and "Toughen Up America." "You're the Doctor" is a grippingly interesting volume of sterling medical knowledge combined with common sense. No woman can afford to miss it.

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ED TAKES THE COCKEYED INITIATIVE

Continued from Page 27

up with him that long. Mrs. Pope said she guessed she'd have to if her husband was too big a coward to protect her from insults. But Mr. Pope didn't see what he could do.

Ed had no use for Mr. Jelks either and he had even less for his man Tom. Tom was a big jovial red-faced man and although he cooked and answered the door he called Mr. Jelks Pete which isn't standard practice between servant and employer in Mount Kisco. Ed objected to that and he objected to Tom's drinking beer with Mr. Jelks in the garden evenings which isn't standard practice either. But what made him really mad was the way they made fun of him. I don't make no more pretense to beauty than what you do Wilb he said to Mr. Pope but I ain't going to be laughed at. If I ain't got more class than that Tom I'll go over to the boneyard and give myself up.

☆ MR. POPE had been a little sore himself at the giggles and overheard remarks that had been passed every time he appeared on Ed. But he didn't see what he could do and he certainly didn't want the horse to start anything. Ed's methods were pretty direct. So he tried to rouse sympathy for Mr. Jelks' infirmity—telling Ed what a terrible inferiority complex such an eye must give the poor man and how bad it must make him feel. Yeah? said Ed. Well it ain't anything to the way it makes me feel. The guy's so cockeyed it makes my head ache to look at him. O sure I'm sorry for him. I been thinking how I could help him. Do you think a good bat side the head might jolt that eye back into position? If you want to keep on eating at my expense said Mr. Pope firmly you'll let those two strictly alone.

This threat usually worked with Ed and having bound him over to keep the peace Mr. Pope felt easier. It was bad enough having Mrs. Pope at him to avenge fancied insults without having to worry about what Ed might do. But Ed was behaving pretty well. At least he seemed to be although there were one or two odd things. Mr. Pope noticed that when they started out for a ride now Ed kept his head turned toward the Haight garden and if Mr. Jelks and Tom were there as was usually the case there were no more snickers. Instead the two men stared menacingly at the horse and seemed to be cursing under their breath. Wonder what's the matter with them? said Mr. Pope but Ed said innocently that he couldn't imagine.

Then on weekday evenings when Mr. Pope got back from the city he noticed that Ed usually seemed to be standing close to the hedge that separated the two gardens. Ed had the run of the place and was never tied up so there wasn't anything out of the way about that. But for some reason Mr. Jelks didn't seem to like it and one evening just as Mr. Pope drove into the yard he jumped up suddenly and threw a beer bottle at the horse.

Well of course this was too much and Mr. Pope got out of the car and went over to the hedge. Look here he said angrily you can't do that sort of thing. Ah shut your mouth snarled Mr. Jelks and he turned his back and walked toward the house but Tom grinned and said You mustn't mind Pete. He's kinda touchy about his eye and that horse of yours has spent the last week looking cross-eyed at him. O come said Mr. Pope a horse can't look cross-eyed. Well maybe that animal ain't a horse said Tom. We had our doubts about him. But I'm telling you mister whatever he is he can look as cross-eyed as an old maid in a thunderstorm. And if you taught him that trick— Nonsense said Mr. Pope I hope I have something better to do than teach a horse how to look like your friend.

Tom's grin wasn't so genial and his eyes began to bulge. All right mister he said I'm warning you. He stared at Mr. Pope a minute and then he laughed. Hell he said I guess we're both saying more than we meant to. Pete's a good guy—got a heart of gold. He wants to be neighborly same as you do. Tell you what—you come over and have some beer and I'll get Pete to come out and apologize to your horse. Mr. Pope said no thanks —he merely wanted it to be understood that there was to be no more bottle throwing if Mr. Jelks wished to avoid trouble with the police.

So Ed had sort of drifted off around the corner of the barn and Mr. Pope went after him. As he got to the corner Ed stuck his head around it and said Hey lookit Wilb—who's this? And he crossed his eyes. So that's what you were doing? said Mr. Pope. No wonder he threw the bottle and I wish he'd hit you. You know what I told you—if there was any monkey business you wouldn't eat. Aw Wilb said Ed I couldn't help it. You know how it is when you're with some guy that stammers and pretty soon you begin stammering too? Well it's the same with this guy. When I look at him my eyes just seem to cross of their own accord. Anyway he said there's something funny about those two galoots. What I mean there's lots of funny people in Mount Kisco an' around but there's one thing they don't any of them do—they don't any of 'em wear their city clothes on Sunday. They'll wear things that a monkey would blush to be seen in but you won't ever catch 'em in city clothes. But this Jelks—you get him out on the lawn on Sunday and what's he got on? —city clothes. It ain't natural.

"I can't wait till I'm drafted! I'll be able to sleep until five thirty!"

Well of course Mrs. Pope had seen the whole thing from the window and she went right after Mr. Pope. She said O sure he could protect his horse all right but when his wife was insulted what did he do about it?—he did nothing that's what he did and if he cared more for his horse than he did for her— Mr. Pope said Don't be silly Carlotta. I don't think it's silly said Mrs. Pope if you place your horse's welfare before your wife's. Well said Mr. Pope Jelks threw a bottle at Ed. When he throws a bottle at you let me know. I promise I'll do something about it. How like you Wilbur! said Mrs. Pope contemptuously. And then I suppose you'll write him a letter. So the argument went on. Though not as long as usual for it had lasted only three days when something else happened.

☆ ONE evening when Mr. Pope came in Mrs. Pope rushed to meet him. O dear! said Mr. Pope. What now? Connie Winslow called me up today said Mrs. Pope and she said she saw Laurence in New York. She said he was in Tiffany's showing somebody some pearls and so I called up his hotel and asked him to come out Sunday. I was very nice to him. I said I'd thought over what he'd said and perhaps he was right and he said he was glad I'd seen that it was the only thing he could do and then he told me he'd brought the pearls up to have them restrung. So I said I'd love to see them and wouldn't he bring them out. You don't mean he's actually going to bring them! said Mr. Pope. Of course said Mrs. Pope. He thinks I'm resigned. He hemmed and hawed but when I said that since I wasn't to own the pearls I thought it was the least he could do he gave in.

But I don't see—began Mr. Pope. No said Mrs. Pope I didn't think you would. Laurence will have the pearls with him—the pearls he has practically stolen from me—and yet you don't see. Well Wilbur this is your last chance. I want those pearls and you will have to get them for me.

Well Mr. Pope talked it over with Ed but Ed wasn't very sympathetic. You're trying to stand in with both parties he said. One of these appeasers. Either sock Cousin Laurence

and take the necklace away from him or sock your wife and tell her to shut up.

So Mr. Hammersley came out Saturday night. There were a lot of Mrs. Pope's noisy friends around and nothing was said about the pearls until Sunday morning when they were having breakfast on the terrace under the uncertain eye of Mr. Jelks. Laurence said Mrs. Pope suddenly tell me about the pearls—did you have to have them restrung? Fortunately not said Mr. Hammersley. They told me in Tiffany's that it wasn't necessary. He reached in his pocket and drew out a flat case. I want to say Carlotta he went on that I think you're taking this very sensibly. What else was there for me to do? said Mrs. Pope and smiled so sweetly that Mr. Pope felt everything curling up inside him. And just then Ed stuck his head around the corner of the barn and motioned urgently for him to come. Excuse me said Mr. Pope and walked hastily off the terrace without looking at his wife.

☆ LOOK Wilb said Ed I just found out something. That guy Jelks comes from Philly. My gosh said Mr. Pope is that all you got me out here for? Ain't that enough? said Ed. This Cousin Laurence and his pearls come from Philadelphia don't he? And we figured Jelks was maybe a crook didn't we? Yes and I'll tell you something more. He does lip reading. That's why he stares at you. All those remarks your wife thought was cracks was just him translating for Tom. And look—look at that sap Hammersley—holding the pearls right up in plain sight.

Mr. Hammersley was indeed doing just that. And Mr. Jelks certainly was showing a good deal of interest. But Mr. Pope shook his head. You read too many detective stories Ed he said. Just explain to me how Jelks could have known Hammersley would come out here and bring the pearls?

Anybody said Ed in Hammersley's office could have known about the pearls and that your wife claimed them. Mr. Pope objected that Mr. Hammersley didn't know himself that he was going to come to Mount Kisco. Maybe he intended to come all along said Ed. Maybe he hoped to get a quit claim or whatever you call it from your wife and these guys found it out. You got to quit stalling Wilb. You got to act.

Mr. Pope said he didn't see quite what he could do. I ain't told you the worst of what I heard said Ed. Just now when I was up by the hedge Tom says There they are. What are we waiting for? And he went into the house.

O well I suppose you could be right said Mr. Pope. But do you see me calling the police on the evidence of what a horse heard somebody say? And Laurence isn't going to believe me if I tell him. He'll think it's some trick to get possession. Sure said Ed. And Jelks ain't going to give you time for any smart stuff. All he's got to do is stroll over here in the next fifteen minutes and take the pearls and be-

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

fore you get out of the chair he's tied you into he'll be in Mexico. The pearls don't belong to Carlotta anyway said Mr. Pope. Yeah? said Ed. Well what difference will that make in what she says to you afterward considering she's been after you for a month to suppress Jelks? You got to act Wilb. Like it says in the Times yesterday—your sittin' around and waiting for these guys to start something is just leaving the initiative to the enemy. You got excuse enough. Go on over and paste him. You used to box in college before you got soft and took to beer and horseback riding. The worst you can get is a busted nose.

Mr. Pope stepped out from behind the barn and looked over the hedge. Mr. Jelks was sitting alone and staring apparently in several directions at once but almost certainly with one eye at least at Mrs. Pope and Mr. Hammersley.

Well Mr. Pope had no intention of acting on Ed's advice but he felt it just possible that there might be something in what the horse suspected and he thought if he went over and talked to Mr. Jelks he might be better able to size up the situation. So he started to push through the hedge. And just behind him Ed said in a loud voice Hey Jelks! and as Mr. Jelks faced about the horse made that unmistakably insulting noise known as the raspberry.

Now a raspberry performed by a horse is in range and vulgarity to a similar human expression as ten to one. It brought Mrs. Pope and Mr. Hammersley to their feet in horrified amazement. And of course it infuriated Mr. Jelks. He leaped to his feet. Hey what's the matter with you? he demanded advancing upon Mr. Pope. Get back off this property.

Mr. Pope realized that apology was futile and denial absurd. But he raised his hand. Please Mr. Jelks he said I assure you that I— And then Ed gave him a sharp nudge and drove him into Mr. Jelks' waiting arms.

For a moment the two men stood in what must have seemed to Mrs. Pope a surprisingly affectionate embrace. A closer view however would have shown that Mr. Jelks was expressing his regard by trying to throttle Mr. Pope and that Mr. Pope was responding with some very effective pokes in the torso. Then Mr. Jelks flung Mr. Pope off and attempted to kick him in the stomach. This act brought to Mr. Pope confirmation of his suspicion that Mr. Jelks was not a gentleman. He leaped wildly backward and fell over a chair and before he could recover Mr. Jelks hit him squarely on the bridge of the nose.

"Look, dear, I brought home some refugee children."

Mr. Pope thought as he fell that this was just what Ed had predicted. The blow had temporarily blinded him and as he bounced to his feet again he could do nothing but swing hopefully at the place where Mr. Jelks ought to be. He took a blow in the ribs and felt his own fist thump on something solid and then his eyes cleared and he saw that he was swinging at the empty air and that Mr. Jelks was lying flat on his back on the lawn.

Well! said Mr. Pope and looked around at Ed. The horse winked at him. Well played Mount Kisco! he whispered. Yeah said Mr. Pope but did I—? Keep your eye on the ball said Ed sharply. For Mr. Jelks had scrambled up and was running toward the house. After him! said Ed.

Mr. Pope was still a little dazed or he would have disregarded Ed and gone back home. But as he hesitated Ed nudged him forward. What's the matter with you? said the horse. You've seized the initiative and now you want to sit down and talk about it and lose it again. You read too many newspapers said Mr. Pope feeling cautiously of his nose but he allowed himself to be herded up to the Jelks front door.

The door was a stout iron-banded construction of oak which led directly from outdoors into the big studio. And as they reached it they heard a bar dropped in place inside. Come out Jelks you coward and let me finish you off! shouted Ed. Damn it Ed shut up! said Mr. Pope. And come on home before he comes out with a gun. That guy couldn't aim a gun said Ed. Leave it to me. He backed up to the door and glancing over his shoulder to gauge his distance shouted I'm coming in Jelks! and let fly with both hind legs in a tremendous kick. The first impact of the heavy iron shoes sprung the door from the casing—the second drove it completely off its hinges and halfway across the studio and Ed whirled and having assured himself that the shrubbery hid them from Mrs. Pope's sight seized Mr. Pope's collar in his teeth and marched him into the breach.

The apparent determination with which Mr. Pope entered the studio was due entirely to Ed's final shove but it put the finishing touch on Mr. Jelks. Mr. Pope was not the soft-muscled office worker he had supposed. Mr. Pope had bounced up after a knockdown and felled him with a blow so lightning swift that he hadn't even seen it coming. Mr. Pope had then chased him into the house and had easily kicked in a door that would have kept an elephant out. Mr. Pope was not a person to be trifled with. Mr. Jelks sat in a chair with his head in his hands.

Tom too had seen the door kicked in. He had been taking off his coat preparatory to going into action but he was now prudently putting it on again.

Well Pope what do you want now? said Mr. Jelks wearily. Want? said Mr. Pope. He felt pretty good. Maybe Ed was right about this taking the initiative stuff that he got out of the papers. I'll tell you what I want he said. I want you to quit annoying me and my wife. Is that clear? If we were annoying you why didn't you say so instead of coming over and picking a fight? said Mr. Jelks reasonably. At least it sounded reasonable to Mr. Pope but he knew better than to admit it. I'm saying so now he said. Furthermore he said you might as well give up the idea of getting those pearls. I've laid all the information before the police and— Pearls? said Mr. Jelks. What are you talking about? And Tom looked at Mr. Pope and shook his head pityingly.

O don't stall said Mr. Pope. I know you could understand what Mrs. Pope and I were saying by reading our lips and— Brother said Mr. Jelks I can't even understand what you say when you yell in my ear—say nothing of— He broke off as voices came from outside and a state trooper came through the doorway. What's wrong here? said the trooper. Hello Mr. Pope. Your wife sent for me—

Behind the trooper were Mrs. Pope and Mr. Hammersley. They peered fearfully then Mrs. Pope rushed in. O Wilbur! she cried throwing her arms around her husband. O are you all

right? But Mr. Pope was in no mood to be cuddled. Everything's under control Harvey he said to the trooper. Just a little disagreement. He went over and looked at the bruise on the side of Mr. Jelks' head. You ought to get something on that he said. I'm sorry I hit you so hard. The trooper also looked at the bruise then curiously at Mr. Pope. You must have a punch like the hind leg of a mule he said admiringly. The hind leg of a mule! said Mr. Pope thoughtfully. But the trooper touched him on the shoulder and motioned him aside. Maybe you'd better go back to your house for a while Mr. Pope he said. This guy may want to make charges and if he does I'll have to take you in. But I might be able to talk him out of it and I can do it better if you aren't here.

Ed was slouching on three legs outside the door. Mr. Pope caught at his halter and fell back to allow his wife and her cousin to go on ahead. Funny thing Ed he murmured that the marks of my knuckles on the side of Jelks' head look as if they had been made by a horseshoe. Yeah that is funny at that said Ed. You might have killed the guy said Mr. Pope. In war said Ed sententiously humanitarian principles must be subordinated. The individual human life— My Lord! interrupted Mr. Pope I wish you'd skip the editorial page just one morning. O. K. said Ed but it's sound sense just the same. Like what I said about initiative. You still got it you know. And now's the time if you want your wife to have that jewelry. It's all in the timing Wilb. A drive on Cousin Laurence now you've cleaned off the Jelks offensive and your prestige is up—

☆ O quit teaching me newspaper strategy and go back to your stall said Mr. Pope. You've got me into a nice mess. Go on he said—beat it. Ed grinned and said I go master I go. And what's more he went.

Well they went back on the terrace and sat down and Mrs. Pope fussed over Mr. Pope in a most gratifying way and wanted to put something on his nose which was turning purple and she said O Wilbur—your voice when you shouted at that Jelks man! Why I never supposed you— Skip it said Mr. Pope I've got other matters to see to. They looked at him inquiringly and he got up and stood over Mr. Hammersley and said Laurence don't you think you'd better hand those pearls over to Carlotta now?

Mr. Hammersley looked up and showed his teeth and said My dear Wilbur! I had hoped that it wouldn't be necessary to reopen what can only be for all of us a rather unpleasant subject. Surely I explained— So you did said Mr. Pope and you're pretty sure Carlotta can't get the pearls by due process of law. You wouldn't mind such a lawsuit either. You could make it look like a grab and it wouldn't hurt your standing in Philadelphia. But suppose it comes out in another way. Suppose you've got in a fight with me and been beaten up—not be-

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cause we wanted the pearls but because we thought you'd done a crooked trick. We acknowledge your legal right to the pearls but we knock the stuffing out of you. And then tell everybody why—hey?

Mrs. Pope put her hand on his arm. Really Wilbur she said hesitantly I don't think this is the way—Shut up said Mr. Pope. Now Laurence?

Mr. Hammersley was quite cool but there was dew on his forehead. As a person who has just made an unprovoked and murderous attack on an innocent neighbor he said I doubt if any statement you might make would carry much weight. Remember Wilbur that I was a witness to that attack and that I shall certainly testify in court as to what I saw. O Wilbur said Mrs. Pope let the pearls go. She put an appealing hand on his arm.

Mr. Pope hesitated. If Jelks made charges and Hammersley's testimony bore him out— But at that moment Mr. Jelks accompanied by the trooper pushed through the hedge and came up on the terrace. The trooper was smiling and Mr. Jelks rushed up and seized Mr. Pope's hand. Brother he said I been to the best specialists in New York these last two months but it took this good right hand to do an operation that none of 'em said was possible. Operation? said Mr. Pope. What's all this? Why he exclaimed your eyes are straight! That's what I'm telling you said Mr. Jelks and he looked straight at Mr. Pope. That sock fixed 'em. He turned to Mrs. Pope. Hell lady he said I'm ashamed of all those smart cracks I and Tom made about your husband and his horse.

If there's ever anything Pete Jelks can do for him—

Wait a minute said Mr. Pope. He turned to Mr. Hammersley. Well Laurence? he said. Do I knock the stuffing out of you or does Carlotta get her pearls? The dew on Mr. Hammersley's forehead was a good deal heavier but again he showed his teeth. And suppose he said that you found yourself incapable of—as you put it—knocking the stuffing out of me? Frankly said Mr. Pope I hadn't thought of that. Because frankly it isn't possible. You saw what happened to Mr. Jelks. He was cross-eyed and I knocked his eyes straight. It is within the bounds of possibility Laurence that I might knock you cockeyed. Sock him! said Mr. Jelks suddenly. Sock him brother and I'll pay the costs. It's worth it to see that trick done again.

But Mr. Pope did not sock Mr. Hammersley. He reached down suddenly and seized him by the necktie and jerked him out of his chair. Come on he said hand them over. They kind of eyed each other for a minute and then Mr. Hammersley drew the case from his pocket and dropped it on the table. He shook Mr. Pope's hand from his tie and turned away but Mr. Pope called him back. Sit down there said Mr. Pope and write out an acknowledgment that the pearls belong to Carlotta and that you are carrying out her Aunt Amelia's wishes and so on. And when the paper was written Mr. Jelks and the trooper witnessed it. But I wish you'd socked him said Mr. Jelks regretfully.

☆ SO Mr. Pope left them and went down to the barn. Look here Ed he said those fellows were no more jewel thieves than I am. They weren't lip reading.

You don't say? said Ed. That's funny now isn't it? Very funny said Mr. Pope. Yeah said Ed I suppose you think I made the whole thing up? Well I tell you Wilbur—I expect I could have misunderstood what I heard 'em say. But honest— Don't perjure yourself said Mr. Pope. But I'll just ask you to look what you got me into. I won't be able to show up at the office for a week.

Ed stamped impatiently. O what you bellyachin' about? he said. Your wife thinks you're a hero don't she? You got her pearls didn't you? My gosh isn't that worth a sock in the nose? Well said Mr. Pope thoughtfully maybe you're right Ed—we'll say no more about it. Just as you say said the horse. Only I was hoping it had taught you a lesson. It's like I said about the initiative. Once you lose it the other side's got you by the whiskers. You must therefore constantly maintain it—by action—by surprise attacks even though they be of little tactical value. One sees evidence in the current situation in the Near East—

Mr. Pope groaned and going to the harness closet brought out a whisky bottle. Look Ed he said if you'll shut up—and keep shut—I'll split this with you. That's the only smart word you've said today said Ed. Pass it over Wilb. This here strategy is dry work.

THE END

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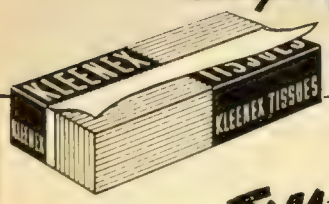
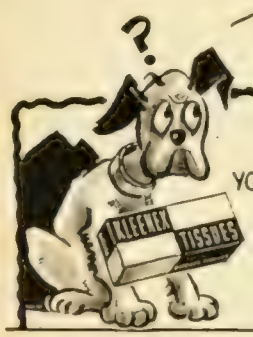


SNEEZY TIME GAL!

MY COLDS AND I HAVE BLOWN A LOT OF TISSUES TO PIECES BUT KLEENEX CAN TAKE IT... IT'S BOTH SOFT AND STRONG!

(from a letter by O. E. D., Girvin, Tex.)



I HAVE A LITTLE PUPPY. YOU KNOW THEY'RE LOTS OF CARE. SO I KEEP KLEENEX HANDY TO WIPE UP HERE AND THERE.

(from a letter by G. K., Portland, Ore.)

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(from a letter by J. B., Portland, Ore.)

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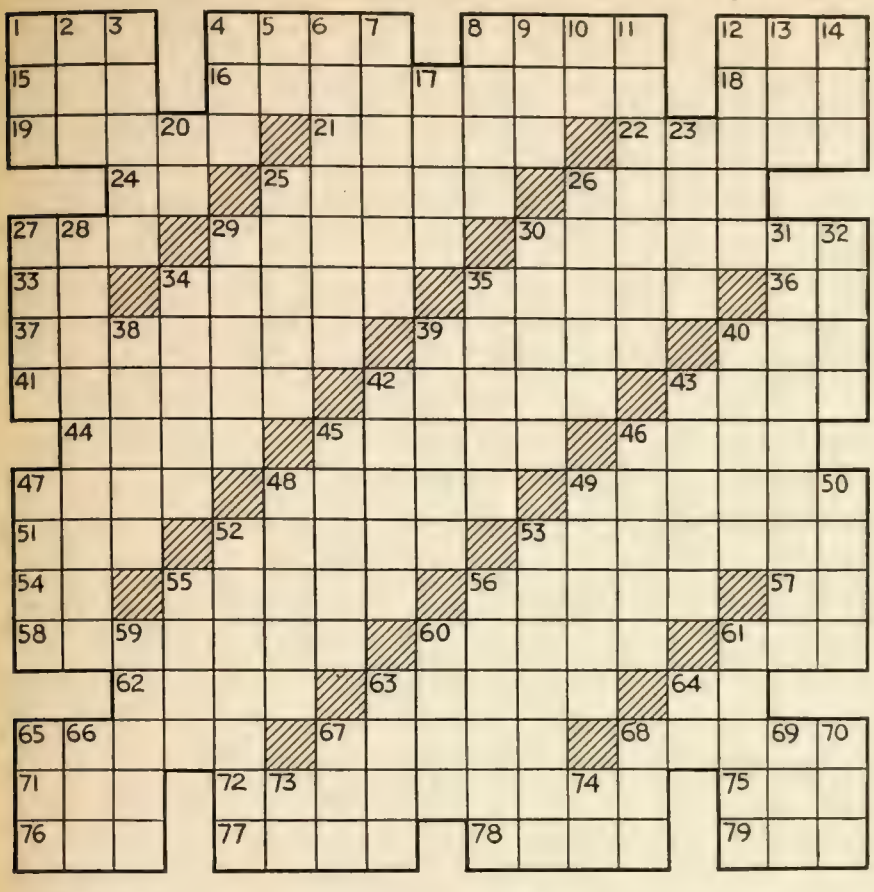
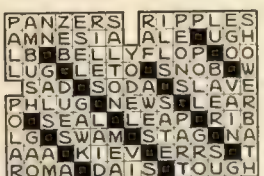
CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Suitable
4 Old
8 Displease
12 Watering place
15 Title of respect
16 Pertaining to a state
18 Thick viscous liquid
19 Condition
21 Select
22 Marble
24 Perform
25 Elude
26 Wicked
27 Playing card
29 Thin stone for roofing
30 An inhabitant of Yugoslavia
33 Artificial language
34 Sudden flood
35 Toughen
36 Tool
37 Reduce to ashes
39 Nail (pl.)
40 Combining form: egg
41 Unite
42 Bright, dazzling light
43 Taunt
44 Flirt
45 Prattle
46 Utter melodious sounds
47 Kind of cheese
48 Peas collectively
49 Composed of lines
51 Sped
52 Spirit
53 Seaport in Tunis
54 By
55 Giant
56 Caverns
57 Printer's measure
58 Pertaining to a woodland
60 Grew weaker
61 Snake
62 Vocal
63 Tibetan priest (pl.)
64 Part of to be
65 Short
67 Thin plate
68 Anglo-Saxon title
71 Broad-bladed pole
72 Foil
75 Stitch
76 Consumed
77 Compass point
78 On the ocean
79 Perceive



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Beast of burden
2 Hole
3 Commerce
4 Animal
5 Depart
6 Raise
7 Distend
8 Minute insect
9 Confection
10 Note of the scale
11 Smell or taste (pl.)
12 Old
13 Strike lightly
14 Part of to be
17 Trend
20 Preposition
23 Bestow
25 Raise spirits of
26 Evade
27 Curved line (pl.)
28 United in a body by legal action
29 Room
30 Net
31 Steers, as in sailing
32 Egress
34 Cheerful look
35 Angry
38 City in Illinois
39 Surfeited
40 Possessor
42 Cereal
43 Part of fork (pl.)
45 Punitive
46 Glazed
47 Grain husks
48 Part of a flower
49 Resides
50 Device for producing artificial light
52 Wild animal
53 Fruit (pl.)
55 Ripped
56 Vaulted chamber (arch.)
59 Watered silk
60 Electrical unit
61 Pile up
63 Final
64 Exclamation
65 Neckpiece
66 Rodent
67 Secretion
68 Beverage
69 Born (Fr.)
70 Female sheep
73 Egyptian god
74 Chemical symbol

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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On Its Own Hind Legs

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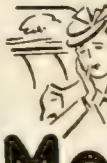

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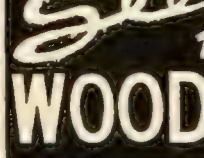

CAR-SICK?
MAY BE PREVENTED AND RELIEVED WITH THE AID OF
Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

Göring told me he had seen votive offerings in token of gratitude for recovered health. "All superstition and stupidity!" he said.

I PAID HITLER'S WAY TO POWER

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Fritz Thyssen says Hitler resorted to war because he was ruining Germany. Nazism had no real economic plan; its sole aims were rearmament and claptrap. In building his highways Hitler consciously aped Napoleon. When the poor grumbled at it, saying only the rich owned cars, he had the low-priced "People's Car" designed to keep them quiet. It never has been manufactured; Ley pocketed millions of marks' worth of advance subscriptions for such cars—and then the war came.

When even Dr. Schacht said it was absurd to be "building pyramids," Hitler ranted à la Napoleon that the real pyramids' builders had "written 4,000 years of history." Having seen pictures of the George Washington Bridge across the Hudson, he walked his yes-men along the banks of the Elbe at Hamburg, halted suddenly, declaimed:

"Here the bridge shall be built!" And but for the war it would have been, at a staggering exceptional cost.

"Germany," he declared, "has scientists—she shall produce all she needs." To get it done he picked out Göring, with results many of which would have eclipsed a Walt Disney's imaginings. Göring ordered his great ironworks constructed where the local ore is unsuitable for profitable extraction and everything must be hauled a long distance. He fell for a swindler's claim that he could "make gold," and for "discoveries" of gold in the Rhine sands and iron in those of the Baltic. He tried to get a butter out of coal and to raise calves on skimmed milk. His ersatz wool, Thyssen says, is neither warm nor durable. Industrialists who do not obey his preposterous orders are accused of sabotage.

☆ EVER since they came into power the Nazi leaders have professed the greatest contempt for the individual. A large number of German conservatives, appalled by the burning of the Reichstag and ignorant

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of the facts, assented to the incarceration of the political enemies of the regime without a trial. They may have regarded this measure as purely provisional and justified by the danger of civil war, and have supposed that the National Socialists would soon reinstate legality. If so, they happened to be mistaken. The concentration camps, for which *torture camps* would be a better name, have become an institution of the State. Despite all my requests for enlightenment, I have never been able to elucidate the circumstances of my nephew von Remnitz's death at Dachau.

An isolated case which I consider particularly scandalous is the imprisonment of the Protestant clergyman Martin Niemoeller in the concentration camp of Oranienburg. Martin Niemoeller had been a naval officer. During the war of 1914-18 he commanded a submarine. He was ordained after the war. When the National Socialists attempted to lay hands on the Protestant Church and to compel it to bow to the anti-Christian spirit of their regime, Niemoeller organized and headed the resistance in the religious field. For a long time that tall and imposing figure, with its pale ascetic countenance, fought the good fight of faith from the pulpit of Dahlem church, near Berlin. He courageously defended the law of the Gospel against the Nazis' outrageous pretensions. He was the champion of freedom of conscience against the oppressor. The tiny church was too small to hold the crowds who collected to hear him, braving the surveillance of the Gestapo. The followers of the fearless clergyman included the Finance Minister of the Reich, Count Schwerin von Korsigk. Göring's sister, Frau Rigle, had had her son confirmed by Niemoeller. He had long been protected by Göring and the army, and Frau Rigle undertook to defend him to her brother. But there came a day when Göring forbade her to mention his name.

How Niemoeller Was Accused, Acquitted—and Then Railroaded

Hitler felt that the tongue of this free and fearless man was a danger to his regime. He it was who gave the order for Niemoeller's arrest. The pastor was summoned before the Berlin court on a charge of breaking some old law of Bismarck's on preaching. He was acquitted by the court. He ought to have been released at once. But, despite his popularity, his honesty, and his innocence as established by the court, Hitler was not to be deterred from a further iniquity. On leaving the court, Niemoeller was handed over to the Gestapo and interned in a concentration camp. Later, old Marshal von Mackensen made a pathetic attempt to obtain his release. Hitler refused.

Deprived of their home, Frau Niemoeller and the pastor's eight children were in terribly difficult circumstances. A friend of the family came to their aid. Being badly off himself, he approached some Westphalian industrialists—Niemoeller was a native of Elberfeld—and asked them to help. They all assented most willingly—all except Albert Vögler, who had promised his assistance but went back on his word at the eleventh hour for fear of displeasing the Nazi leaders.

I myself am a Catholic and have been brought up in that tradition, but I take off my hat to that noble Protestant, Martin Niemoeller. An able and fearless officer in the war of 1914-18, his principal merit is to have set the Germans a still finer example: in refusing to be silenced by the Gestapo, he showed the Germans what is meant by civic courage—that virtue of which Bismarck used to say it was unknown in the country.

Not Even an Aryan Hitler Can Still a Jewish Heine's Lorelei

The persecution of the Jews reached its height in the autumn of 1938 and aroused universal reprobation. Up to 1933 I had not attached much importance to the rowdy anti-Semitic tendencies of the National Socialist

Hitler and the *Jews*.. my first open break with the Nazis

Theft, arson, plundering, and death—Amazing new light on a "government of gangsters"

BY FRITZ THYSSEN

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Party. The inhabitants of the Catholic provinces of the Rhine are not anti-Semitic. There may be regions in Germany where the slower wits of the population have enabled the Jews to play a somewhat exaggerated role. This has never been the case in the Rhineland. We have always considered the Jew Heinrich Heine one of our national poets. The Nazis may destroy Heine's statue in his native Düsseldorf, but they will never be able to prevent people from singing his The Lorelei on the Rhine steamers.

Some months after coming into power, the National Socialist Party organized riotous anti-Jewish demonstrations throughout Germany. To afford satisfaction to their following of small shopkeepers suffering from the depression, and to give their street-scene specialists—the Storm Troops—something to occupy their minds, the Nazi leaders ordered coarse and insulting epithets to be painted on the Jews' shop windows. This new departure was not taken seriously in the great Rhenish cities. In all of our towns with a large working population the department stores remained open. The people could not have done without them. Later on, when the Jews were ousted from trade, the Jewish stores were not suppressed as announced in the Nazi program. The Jews were merely robbed of their holdings. As for the small retailers who stupidly believed that the slump of their business was due to Jewish competition, they were subsequently ruined by the disastrous armament policy.

Jews Saved Germany: Thyssen Gives the Lie to Nazi Charges

As an industrialist, I know better than any one else what services were rendered by Jews to German national economy after the war. The Nazis accuse the Jewish bankers of being responsible for Germany's indebtedness. According to them, the Jews had conspired "to make Germany the prey of international finance." This is crass stupidity. The Jewish bankers saved German economy after the war. It was thanks to these Jews that medium and small enterprises were able to obtain from American banks such credits as were necessary for their re-equipment.

Some of the larger enterprises succeeded in floating loans in America on their own account. But most of the others, unknown to the lenders, could only get money through the Jewish banks. In guaranteeing loans contracted abroad, the latter took very definite risks. But precisely in so doing, the Jewish bankers manifested their confidence in the future of German business. The Simon Hirschland Bank at Essen, for instance, succeeded in obtaining American credits to the amount of at least fifty millions for the small and medium enterprises of our region. Its capital did not exceed eight million marks. The great German banks did not dare to take the risk of such credits.

Moreover, toward 1930, at the moment of the economic depression, the lack of foreign exchange caused payment difficulties. Here again the Jewish banks intervened; they were able to obtain standstill arrangements or renewals from the foreign creditors. The Nazis themselves have been obliged to acknowledge the great services rendered by this small Jewish bank in Essen. It was this bank which negotiated the important Krupp American loan in collaboration with another Jewish bank, Goldman Sachs & Co. of New York. For a long time no one dared to lay hands on this bank, notwithstanding the pressure of the extremist elements of the party. The Simon Hirschland Bank was the last Jewish bank in Germany under the Nazi regime. Owing to the foreign credits, it was impossible to suppress it.

The German economic and financial circles had consistently reproved the development of the anti-Semitic tendencies of National Socialism. Dr. Schacht, in a speech at the opening of the Königsberg Fair in 1935, did not hesitate to protest against an agitation which he regarded as a serious danger to German economy.

If Göring Were Mistaken for a Deer, Would He Be Missed?

I myself, on returning from America in 1935, had the opportunity to broach the subject to Göring. Even at that time the general, who was Prime Minister for Prussia, displayed all the condescension of a sovereign. One day he invited me to a deerstalking party in the Schorfheide. I accepted, in the hope that I should be able to talk with him about certain matters to which I attached importance.

I don't know whether the keeper who had been ordered by Göring to prepare my kill informed his master of the difficulties he experienced. I am but a poor shot. It was a rainy autumn day, I had brought no rifle-sighting apparatus, and I missed three deer. Finally I brought off my kill. It was high time, for the keeper was in despair. The poor fellow had been formally instructed to see that I killed my deer. This was my first, and probably my last.

Göring and I then dined together at a rustic hunting lodge which harmonized with its surroundings. It was only later that Göring built his famous palace, the Karinhall, in the thick of the forest. I have never been there. But I was told that a Frenchman who had stayed there with Göring and had afterward visited a former Imperial hunting lodge, could not keep back the remark: "Up to now, I never realized the self-denying simplicity of the Kings of Prussia."

Religion? Göring Didn't Get It

After dinner I had a long conversation with Göring on the religious and Jewish questions. His interest in religious matters is confined to their

political bearing. This was the principle by which he had been actuated when, in the summer before, he had issued his proclamation against political Catholicism in the Rhine provinces. Suspicious of the hostility of the Catholic population to their methods of government, the Nazis interpreted these tendencies as a rebirth of the old Center Party. I tried to explain to Göring what Catholicism really meant. I gained the impression that his knowledge of religious problems was virtually nonexistent. He told me that in the Bavarian churches he had seen votive offerings in the form of arms or legs in token of gratitude for recovered health. "All superstition and stupidity," he said. He was incapable of understanding the depth of the gratitude and of the faith that speaks out of these touching emblems by which the Catholics thank their God for His mercy. He would probably have preferred to replace the religion of the masses with a blind belief in Hitler and in the genius of the Führer.

Who Could Reassure America?

I also spoke to Göring of the Jewish question. During my travels in America I had been in a position to realize the harm that Germany's treatment of the Jews had done in American public opinion. I explained this to Göring. He was quite aware that it was necessary to maintain good relations with America. "But," he said, "what are we to do? Should the Stürmer be suppressed?"

The Stürmer is an obscene publication of the anti-Semitic leader, Julius Streicher of Nuremberg. It had been posted up in streets and squares, notwithstanding protests from parents and the Catholic clergy against such an exhibition of indecency before the children. Since the war began, it appears that Streicher has been certified as a lunatic and confined. A pity this was not done before!

I suggested that Göring might send a German official mission to the United States in order to reassure the American public. The person appointed, I said, should be able to tell President Roosevelt that excesses had doubtless been perpetrated but that no principle was involved and order would be re-established. Göring himself is not anti-Semitic. He fully realized the harm that Streicher's agitation had done us in America.

"Whom shall we send?" he said. "Herr Schmitt?" Kurt Schmitt was then the Minister of Economy; he was an insurance director and was totally unknown in America. The poor fellow may have been very knowledgable in the field of insurance. But economic questions in general were too much for him. He it was who proposed the creation of a "Higher German Chamber of Business" which met only once. I proposed that the mission in question be entrusted to Dr. Schacht. But the affair remained in abeyance. Göring is not omnipotent, and the Nazis of Hitler's innermost holy of holies are so limited and presumptuous as to despise an America of which they know nothing.

I was to have attended the famous Nuremberg meeting of the Reichstag which voted the anti-Semitic laws. But when I arrived, I was informed that the Nazis intended to change the German flag, so I took the next train back. Other members of the Reichstag and even of the government, in particular Schacht, were also opposed to these infamous bills, but steps were taken to conceal this opposition.

The Persecution of '38: Rath's Murder as a Mere Pretext

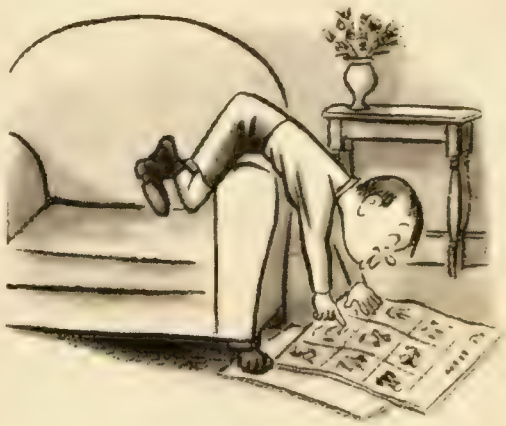
In November, 1938, the Nazis, on the pretext of retribution for the murder of Secretary of Embassy vom Rath in Paris by a young Polish Jew [Herschel Grynszpan], organized the systematic persecution of the German Jews.

The exact circumstances of the crime committed in Paris have never been elucidated. What is curious is that during a whole year the National Socialist government made no attempt to hasten the action of the French courts with regard to the murderer.

This was certainly unusual. On the occasion of the murder of Gustloff, a Nazi chief killed by a Jewish student at Davos, the Nazi press had loudly vituperated against the delays and the mildness of the Swiss courts. As

Which is your child?

[DR. STEIG'S QUIZ FOR PARENTS]



COMIC CONNOISSEUR... Don't laugh. Two school children in five are headed toward poor eyesight at college age. Eyestrain often begins with poor posture and not enough light. Give him a desk of his own and an I. E. S. lamp with at least a 100-watt G-E bulb!

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a matter of fact, they were practically indifferent to the question of justice. What they wanted was a pretext for creating disorder and despoiling the Jews of their property. The collective fine decreed by the Nazi government was virtually tantamount to confiscation. But this was not the worst. The most scandalous scenes took place in all cities of Germany. The official Nazi organizations were transformed, under the eyes of a complacent police, into bands of incendiaries. These even included high magistrates of the Reich, ordinarily responsible for repression of crime, not perpetration of it. To curry favor with the Nazi Party, they had joined the ranks of the Storm and Protection detachments.

The Higher Civilization: Arson, Pillage, Torture, etc.

In Berlin, Nuremberg, Düsseldorf, Munich, and Augsburg, in almost all German towns, swastika-flagged columns of militia plundered the Jewish dwellings, smashing the furniture, slashing the pictures, and stealing everything they could carry away. At night and even in broad daylight they drenched the synagogues with petrol and set them ablaze. The firemen received instructions not to extinguish the fires; to confine themselves to saving the neighboring buildings.

At that time I was traveling in Bavaria. On hearing what was happening throughout the country, I imagined that things of that kind could not have taken place in our Rhine provinces. On returning to Düsseldorf the next day, I was informed of the incredible.

The highest official of the local National Socialist group, a man named Florian, the Gauleiter, had himself organized the riots. Not content with attacking the Jews, he had planned the murder of S——, the president and highest official of the local Prussian administration. I knew S—— personally. He was an excellent administrator and had, perhaps for this very reason, incurred the hostility of Florian. He was well acquainted with Göring, to whom he had rendered certain services in the past and who had appointed him to his important post in Düsseldorf.

Florian, an official of the party but not of the State, seized upon the pretext that S——'s wife had had a Jewish grandmother to organize an odious attack against him personally on the occasion of the anti-Jewish disturbances. Many men with wives of Jewish origin have divorced them to curry favor with the party. In such cases the courts invariably grant the divorce on the grounds that the man concerned was "married before the Nuremberg enactments" and was unaware of the importance of the racial question. This example was not followed by President S——, who happens to be an honorable man. He had informed Göring of his wife's racial origin, and Göring, with Hitler's assent, had nonetheless appointed him.

On November 9, motorcars equipped with loud-speakers were sent by Florian throughout Düsseldorf to summon the people to demonstrate against the Jews and those sympathizing with them. All Nazis knew this was directed against the local president. Extremist elements of the party, recruited from the scum of the population, set themselves to destroy and plunder the dwellings and the shops of the Jews, injuring and torturing all those upon whom they could lay hands.

But for the ignoble purpose he had in view, Florian felt that he could not rely on the Düsseldorf Storm Troops. He therefore called in an Elberfeld detachment. These troops, armed with iron bars, were launched against the local government building, which was damaged and plundered. S—— narrowly escaped being killed in his own office and only got away by a miracle.

As in other German cities, scenes of disorder and plunder took place all over the town. Jewish magnates, intellectuals, physicians, and tradesmen were arrested. Many were odiously maltreated, even the old men. The aged legal adviser of the coal syndicate, Heinemann, who was seventy-five years old and universally respected, committed suicide with his wife. He had a small collection of pictures which he had bequeathed to the city of Essen. This was destroyed by the Nazis.

Florian had organized these atrocities with particular barbarity on the pretext that vom Rath, the young diplomat murdered in Paris, had been a native of Düsseldorf.

Thyssen's Protest: How He Resigned as Councilor of State

Such was the news I received on my return. I was inexpressibly indignant. As Councilor of State, I was entitled to approach Prussian State Premier Göring in person. I immediately wrote him an extremely sharp letter, saying that it was intolerable that a high official of the party should organize disturbances, and should assault in the most odious manner the Jews and even a government official who was the highest local administrative authority of the Prussian State. I reminded Göring that he himself had appointed S——, and that S—— had never concealed the fact of his wife's ancestry. I firmly declared to Göring that the excesses organized by the Nazi Gauleiter at Düsseldorf signified the ruin of authority and an encouragement to anarchy and to the vilest instincts of the population. In these conditions, I said, it was impossible for me to remain Councilor of State. I could not retain this office and thus appear in my native country to approve acts which I formally condemned. I asked Göring to accept my resignation.

It should be added that the great majority of the population of Düsseldorf, as of many other towns, disapproved of the excesses organized by the Nazis against the Jews.

Some days later I was dining with Schacht in Berlin. A minister who shall be anonymous, for he is still in office, congratulated me upon my attitude. "At long last," he said, "some one has dared to protest against these atrocities." He added that I should demand the punishment of Florian and the release of all the Jews who had been arrested. I took further steps with Göring. Some days later, the marshal sent me a messenger. He was very angry with me for resigning, saying that this caused him personal distress. If I wanted to protest, why did I not resign from the Reichstag? I replied that my intervention was based on the fact that I was Councilor of State and that the business concerned the Prussian administration. I repeated my request for Florian's punishment.

Göring's emissary replied: "No one, not even Göring himself, can do anything against a Gauleiter. Florian is a friend of Rudolf Hess, and Hess does not like Göring, whom he regards as a rival."

In order to conclude this affair, I informed the Finance Minister of Prussia that I no longer regarded myself as Councilor of State. I requested him to cease paying my salary. This letter, probably by Göring's instructions, was treated as nonexistent, and my councilor's fees continued to be paid into the Thyssen Bank, where I had them transferred to a special account and placed at the disposal of the Prime Minister of Prussia.

In my letter to Göring in 1939, after the declaration of war, I reminded him of this protest of mine against the mistreatment of the Jews.

Since 1935 I had had no further contact with the National Socialist leaders. I had ceased to display the Swastika flag and had in fact broken off all relations with the party. But I had taken no steps to make my opposition public. The excesses of the autumn of 1938 caused me to abandon this reserved attitude. My resignation from the Council of State was a proof not only of displeasure but also of my intention to denounce any semblance of solidarity with a regime tolerating such horrors. But my protest was passed over in silence, just as would have been the case with my protest against the war a year later, if I had returned to Germany.

In Hamburg There Was Decency

I learned afterward that Hamburg was the only city in Germany where the National Socialist Gauleiter Kauffmann, of Rhenish origin, had not tolerated a persecution of the Jews. Kauffmann's office was twofold: he was a Gauleiter of the party and a governor of the Reich. In the great city he administered, neither arson nor plundering was permitted. Near us, in Mühlheim, there was a somewhat comic incident. The Jewish community, feeling the approach of the storm, had sold the synagogue to the town some weeks before the disturbances. The Nazis set fire to the building regardless of the fact that it was now municipal property.

"A Government of Gangsters"

In its anti-Jewish campaign, above all, the party has openly given free rein to the vile instincts which lie at the root of its so-called philosophy. The National Socialist government has encouraged and even ordered acts which are regarded as crimes by the whole civilized world. Foreigners who were in Germany at the time were appalled at these scenes of senseless crulty and barbarity; they saw the official incendiaries at work on the synagogues. In the capital of the Reich, in the center of the city and in full view of the embassies, the Storm Troops and the younger Hitlerites, led by their chiefs, gutted and plundered dwellings and shops. By tolerating, nay, even organizing theft, arson, pillage, and murder in the concentration camps, the National Socialist regime, especially in that autumn of 1938, revealed itself to the world as a government of gangsters.

What, in Thyssen's belief, must be done about Germany after Hitler has lost this war of his; how the civilized, Catholic "true Germany of the west" can be saved, and foundations laid for a future United States of Europe, will appear next week in the deeply impressive conclusion of this series of Thyssen's memoirs.

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One More Pass

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY MONA GARDNER

☆ FROM where she lay in the long bamboo grass, Ru-ling watched the Japanese sentry. Her round black eyes were surprised, scornful, and contemplative in quick succession. *Aya!* the man was no bigger than a woman. No bigger than she; and she, with her flat breasts and flat hips, was barely a woman.

Ru-ling saw he trod a path his boots had flattened. From the big rock he crossed to the three firs, then out on a bank where the two mountain roads met and traveled down as one to the brown plains below. He stepped cautiously. His eyes pivoted right and left up the two mountain roads. Just as often he glanced hopefully down the valley.

He was expecting more soldiers, Ru-ling guessed. Had the menfolk failed, then, to hold them back? Had the rocks not fallen right? Had these dwarfish Japanese wings, that they came up this steep pass so quickly?

At dawn the men of the village had gone to stop them—the white-bearded Elder, one-armed neighbor Li, her lame father, her no-more-than-child brother, and the other men that were left. With nothing in their hands, they had crept out along the ridge, high up, saying: "We go to stop them with rocks from the cliff, whilst you women cut the bridge."

The guerrillas had warned the village last night that the Japanese were coming. "Hold the pass!" they had said. "We will harass from the rear. But you must hold the pass against them, else they will take ore from the mountains beyond."

The village was the pass. Rocks and rakes and scythes they had to hold it with. These and the gorge—the deep black cleft that split the mountain like a devil's chimney. But the gorge was not a weapon until the bridge spanning it was down; and the bridge was built of the ironwood that is sometimes called teak. To cut it through was the labor of hours. And in the village there were only six handsaws. They had heard once of the white sticks and the powder that explodes, but no one of them there had ever seen these things.

And now, after only two hours of sawing, a Japanese sentry was here at the fork, and the bridge was just beyond.

Ru-ling tried to think ahead: not back. Something had happened to the menfolk, and she could go no farther now to learn how it was with them. She must hurry back to the bridge, to warn the women, to help them cut faster, to help them fire the teak where the adz had weakened it. *Aya!* if only the soldiers could be delayed. A half hour was enough.

Ru-ling turned her body to slide back through the papery bamboo grass. The next minute she heard the popping throb of something rushing up the valley road. It came nearer and nearer in quick explosions. The sentry ran out to the peak of the bank. Ru-ling saw him lift his hand in a quick salute, and then stand waving, with his left arm, up the road to the pass.

A thing shot by—a curious snorting wheeled thing. One man rode astride it; another squatted in a tub attached to its iron sides. They were gone on up the mountain before Ru-ling could move. Now she must go—now. The women would handle those two with their rope nets, but when the others came . . .

She moved back in the grass. Over on the left, by the firs, she heard a rustle. It was a rat. The sentry spun around, throwing his gun to his shoulder. He fired two quick shots. The rat thrashed in the grass. The sentry ran to the spot.

In that instant when his back was to her Ru-ling was up and around the shoulder of the big rock. Her running feet stumbled over the sentry's pack that lay there, and she put her hands out to break the fall. One hand closed over a bobbin of fine black wire.

Ru-ling stared at it stupidly. Then, suddenly, she smiled. She knew now what she could do to help.

Expertly her fingers fashioned a noose. She had made snares often enough. Catlike she crept up over the hump of the rock, flattening her slim body in the hollow niche she knew was in its overhanging top. Now, if only his steps would bring the sentry beneath her, she prayed, before more soldiers appeared.

Treading his triangular path, he came. Ru-ling lowered the noose, and when he turned he put his neck into it. Ru-ling jerked; then quickly, while arms flailed, circled other loops of wire about his neck and tightened her hold.

She heard the monstrous beat of heavy things laboring up the valley road as she scrambled from the rock. She took the tunic, the belt, the trousers; then, tugging feverishly, put them on her own body. The visored cap was jammed down over her cropped hair. The bamboo grass would have to hide her bare feet.

Ru-ling snatched the gun and went to stand on the bank above the fork. The heavy grotesque things moved up—tanks, the war posters called them. On, on they came, like the Thunder God on wheels, straight toward her.

She flung her hand up in the salute she'd seen the sentry give, and then motioned with . . . her *right* arm toward the road turning to the *right*.

The leading tank hesitated, slowed down. The trap at the top opened, and a head poked out questioningly. Ru-ling waved imperiously, urgently, toward the right.

The tank jerked into motion, turned ponderously, and rumbled up the right-hand road. The two others followed it closely. Behind came foot soldiers, guns on wheels, and then more soldiers.

Each column followed the leader toward the right.

The thud of their feet was distant when Ru-ling heard the roar from the chasm that told her the bridge was down. Her small chest filled with relief: she would go back now on the secret ridge path. But first she smiled triumphantly up the road to the right—the narrow road that led only to the old quarry. For no tank could turn around in that place of rock walls, black water, and a precipice as smooth as paper.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

BREATH OF LIFE

—Continued from Page 13

business of feeding and ruminating. He saw across the fields a stocky gray mare coming up by a split-rail fence, her long-legged colt running stiffly beside her. This was a far cry from he wards and the clinic, the hot streets melting in the sun, the loud-speaker calling with the monotony of a metronome:

"Dr. Lewis . . . Dr. Lewis . . ."

A far cry from the Allen apartment on upper Fifth Avenue and Lydia at the head of her father's table, her small blonde head, her white shoulders, her interminable cigarettes . . .

She smokes too much, he thought.

Mamie called him, and he turned guiltily to his dressing. He could smell supper. It smelled good. Ham, fried potatoes, curly lettuce, one of Mamie's superb chocolate cakes, and hot steaming tea, and perhaps a baked custard.

"Ron," called Mat from the foot of the stairs, "get a move on you . . . I'm starved."

"I'm coming," he said and ran down the narrow stairs to where they waited for him.

☆ DOC BARTON came out to see him the next day. They sat on the veranda which ran across the long wooden ell and talked and talked. Mamie brought out a pitcher of lemonade and a plate of cookies and stayed just long enough to smile at them and then went away again. She said, "You'll have a lot to say to each other."

Barton was a big man, heavy through the shoulders, thick through the neck. But he was losing weight, Ron saw with apprehension; the skin on his neck hung in folds. And his hand shook a little as he lifted the glass to his lips.

He said, at the end of two hours, "Well, you got what you always wanted, didn't you?"

"That's right. I've been lucky."

"Nonsense," said the old man; "you've worked for it." He sighed, stretched, and winced as if his joints troubled him. "I got what I wanted too," he said—"folks around me, neighbors, dependent on me. It's a satisfaction. Bring a kid into the world and then, twenty years later, *her* kid, maybe. I've never had any money, but there's been a living in it and my own roof over my head and enough to eat and to share. I was telling Jenny just the other day, if I had to do it over again, I'd do just what I've done. I wouldn't change. You don't remember Jenny, do you?"

"No—"

"Guess you never saw her," said Barton thoughtfully. "She came to live with me after you went away. She's a fine girl; you'll like her. A fine nurse too. People think she's wasted up here. I don't. They need what she has to give them. Not just what she's learned—and she passed

"Illukiaratha! Feels like North Pole here, since
(ESKIMO FOR "OH BOY!")
I discover Icy MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED Shave!"

Crave Coo-o-ol Comfort? Man, start each morn with an icy Mennen Menthol-iced shave! How that cool, bubbly lather refreshes your face. And wow, how whiskers wilt! No yank or pull. Want to start each day *bright?* Say to your druggist, "Mennen Menthol-iced for mine!"

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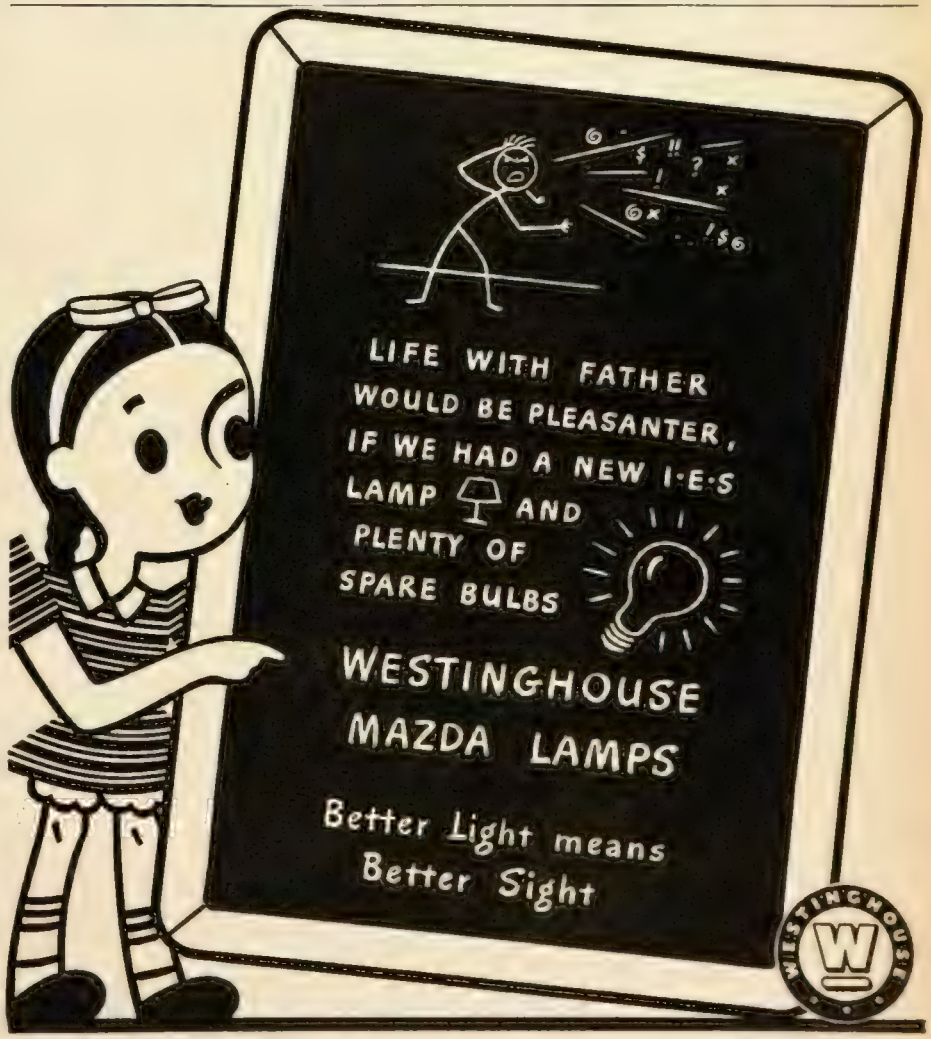
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highest in her class, both theory and practice—but what's in her, deep down. Understanding, sympathy. Not sloppy, you understand, but the practical kind. But she gives a damned sight too much of herself. She'll have to get over that if she wants to keep on nursing and live."

"I've known girls like that," said Ron.

"Salt of the earth, but they never spare themselves." Barton grunted, reaching for a cookie. He said, between bites, "You couldn't work with a finer man than Allen."

"I know it," said Ron.

"I looked him up," said Barton, "and I've read some of his books. He's top notch, all right."

"He's been very kind to me," Ron said, "right from the beginning. Told me, when he suggested this arrangement, that he'd had his eye on me from the first day he had anything to do with me in the hospital. That set me up," he admitted, "made me feel like a million dollars."

"Must be pretty near what he's worth," said Barton, without envy. "Man like him comes high in New York City."

"And deserves it," said Ron, on the defensive. "He does plenty of charity work. And there are dozens of cases he takes for as little as the most modest G. P."

"I know," said Barton. "I wasn't criticizing him. How old a man is he, by the way?"

"Sixty-odd," Ron answered, "but he has to slow up. He's worked too hard most of his life. Didn't let up, even when he could."

"Married?"

"A widower," Ron said; "one daughter."

He would have sworn that his voice didn't change, but the sharp old eyes looked at him keenly and Barton smiled.

"Like her, don't you? Well, that's all right too."

"She's very attractive," Ron said cautiously.

"Make a good doctor's wife?"

"Even a bad doctor's," said Ron, laughing.

"Don't quibble with me," said Barton testily. "You know what I meant."

"Well, she's a doctor's daughter."

"It doesn't add up to the same thing," said Barton sagely, "except maybe in a small town. Wish you luck, anyway." He lumbered to his feet and Ron rose with him.

☆ "WHERE you going? Thought you were staying for supper."

"I am. I'll take a look at Lily Treat first . . . she's due most any time now. . . ."

"Taking her to the hospital?" Ron asked.

Barton shook his head.

"Her mother's coming on tomorrow. She won't hear of it, doesn't believe in hospitals. Everything's arranged, and I've delivered more babies in farmhouses than in hospitals anyway," he said. "When they call me, I'll bring Jenny over . . . like as not it will take quite a spell, as it's her first—and Jenny can stay with her till I'm needed. . . . You haven't seen Lily yet?"

Ron shook his head. "Just the husband. Seems to be a competent young fellow. I liked him."

"Nice kids. They want a family. Well, they're on the way to having one," said Barton, walking heavily across the porch and down the steps. "See you later, Ron," he said.

Ron watched him go down the path to the small gray tenant cottage. He thought, Mat's right—he's aged a lot. He ought to quit work. But he won't. He'll work till he drops.

Mamie came out and sat down beside him, smoothing the white apron over her print dress. She asked, "How'd you find him, Ron?"

"Doc? Old and tired," Ron said. "He ought to quit."

"Who'll take his place," asked Mamie, "with the people around here?"

"God knows."

"We'd hoped it would be you," she said, "Mat and Doc Barton and I—"

"I know. I wish it might have been. But I couldn't see my way to it."

"We understand," she said.

"I know you do, and you haven't reproached me," he told her, "not once. None of you. . . . I feel like a heel."

"You needn't," she said. "You're doing what you were meant to do, what you've always wanted to do. You haven't wavered from that by a hair's breadth, Ron. We respect it in you. We wouldn't want you to be any different."

"Thanks," he said awkwardly, disturbed as always by praise and by any answering emotion in himself.

☆ SHE asked, after a moment, "Remember Herb Andrews?"

"Of course. What's happened to him?"

"Nothing . . . which is what happens to a lot of people around here. He works in town winters, and guides, summers. There are more and more people building river camps all the time. He called up while you were out with Mat this morning, said he'd like to take you fishing tomorrow . . . along about five. He has a river shack beyond the crossroads. I said you'd be there if it was a good day."

"How'd you know?"

"I know how you like to fish. You need to sit in a boat and not think of anything," she said. "It will do you good."

"Most relaxing thing in the world," he agreed. "I'll bring back a string for breakfast."

"See that you do," she cautioned him, smiling.

Toward five the next day Ron took the car and drove to the crossroads and Herb's shack on the river. Herb came out to greet him, unshaven and brown, a pipe in the corner of his mouth. They had gone to school together, they had lived near each other.

"Like old times," said Herb, grinning. "Remember when we used to sneak off and go fishing and the chores not finished? Boy, did I used to get hell!"

Ron followed him down the shaky little dock and into the sturdy outboard motorboat and they chugged happily across the river.

"Bass hole's just the same," said Herb, busy with his lines. "They're still there, in the lee of the island, under the rocks, rising to the bait when they feel like it. Minnow or spinner?"

"Let's try minnows first. Are we going to troll?"

"For a spell, till we see how things are. It's good to see you, Ron. You don't get up much, do you? Seems as if you've moved a million miles away, to another part of the country, instead of just down state. I haven't been to New York City in years," said Herb. "Last time I was there I got as drunk as an owl . . . that was after Gladys left me. You knew I was married, didn't you? Gladys Horton."

☆ RON remembered her, the redhead, in his class. All the kids had been crazy about Gladys.

"I'd forgotten," he said. "I'm sorry, Herb."

"She's married again," said Herb, "and that's all right by me. I was born lazy, I guess. I couldn't stand nagging. I couldn't stand an office. I didn't want meals on time. She's happier and I am too. I'm content. I go uptown in the winter and get me a job, but as soon as the ice goes out I come down here and loaf on the river. Gives me my living. That's all I ask. . . . Well, here we are."

Shortly before nine o'clock Ron drove back to the farm. He had his string of black bass and a few fat perch. He was sleepy, happy, and sunburned. . . . He'd had a good four hours on the river, just water and sky, the small green islands and the sharp tug at the end of his line. . . .

The sun had set in glory and wonder, and even now in the darkening sky there were rosy clouds, mauve and raspberry. A new moon was a silver dollar, the first star looked out . . . but it was still light on the river where color yet lay, thick as oil on the quiet water. But it was darker here and the Lewis house blazed with light, the tenant cottage was bright, and Doc Barton's car was parked outside the house.

Mamie met him at the door. She said breathlessly, "It's Lily. Things started just after you left. Doc Barton brought Jenny. . . . I haven't been over; I'd just be in the way. Lily's mother got here two hours ago, thank goodness."

He patted her shoulder.

"Don't look so worried," he advised. "Doc's one of the best and she's young and healthy. First babies take their time about coming, you know."

She asked anxiously, "Couldn't you just step over in case doc needs you?"

Ron smiled at her and shook his head.

"He won't need me," he said cheerfully. "Besides, this is his show—I've

really got no business butting in—"

"As if he'd think of that!" she began indignantly. Then she stopped. "My land," she said, "and you standing there and those fish dripping all over my carpet. Here, give 'em to me. You like them pan-fried, don't you, for your breakfast? And you haven't had any supper!"

"I love 'em," he said fervently. "How about frying me one now?"

He went upstairs whistling, to wash. He was tired and relaxed. When he came down he went into the kitchen where his fish was snapping merrily in the pan. Mamie was there, alone.

"Where Mrs. What's-her-name?"

"I told her to go along home," said Mamie. "How about a few fried potatoes, a tomato salad, and some milk and cake?"

"Sounds wonderful. But you shouldn't go to all the trouble. I can get along with a sandwich. I didn't know Mrs. Roberts had gone."

"I'd rather be doing something," she said, "and it isn't any trouble anyway. I keep listening for word . . . I mean . . ."

He said soothingly, "Doc will go and come back again. Bet you a nickel you won't see hair nor hide of the Treat heir apparent until tomorrow sometime."

"I'm glad I didn't have a daughter," said Mamie, "because if I had had and she was having a baby, I declare I wouldn't know which way to turn."

☆ "YOU would," he said, "and you'd spoil the life out of the kid—just as you did me."

"I never!"

"You always—" he began, and then stopped. "What's that?" he said sharply, and rose from the old rocker by the window into which he had flung his lean length, and went out along the hall to the steps, Mamie just behind him, making small worried sounds.

It was Bill Treat. His face was ghastly. He was running, his mouth half open, a distraught man.

Ron ran to meet him. "What is it?" he asked.

"Lily . . ." Bill looked as if he were running away . . . escaping from some horror too great to be borne. He did not look as if he were coming for help, but as if he had blindly run out of his little house, as if he would keep on running until he dropped. Ron's question was an interruption. He gasped, "She's gone," he said.

"Hell and damnation," said Dr. Theron Lewis, and covered the short distance to the tenant cottage as fast as his legs would take him and flung open the door on utter confusion.

A living room, neat as a pin. But beyond, a bedroom, the door wide. An elderly woman on her knees weeping. A tall slender girl in white. And Doc Barton, the sweat pouring from him, straightening up from bending over the bed.

He turned and saw Ron. He said heavily, with heartbreaking simplicity, "She's dead. . . ."

"When?"

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

HEISMAN MEMORIAL TROPHY. Each year the Downtown Athletic Club of New York presents the Heisman Trophy to the man voted by leading sports writers and sports broadcasters as the outstanding college football player of the season. Winner's names are also engraved on a duplicate trophy (right) which the Downtown A.C. keeps as a perpetual record. The player who merits the trophy this year will be a headliner for performance on the gridiron—he'll have to be better than good!

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OLD KING COLE calls it "something worth calling for"

Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and he called for his pipe, his bowl, and fiddlers three. Then he shouted *extra* loud for Dentyne—(that delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

That made the fiddlers hopping mad. "How come you call *extra* loud for Dentyne?" said they.

"Because it's extra good," laughed Old King Cole. "You see, it has a really *different* flavor—a warmly satisfying goodness, and it's mighty refreshing. Besides, Dentyne's pleasant firmness helps keep your teeth naturally sparkling. Try some."

And the fiddlers, sampling delicious Dentyne, were so delighted they played the merriest tune imaginable.

(Moral: You will feel merry too when you chew Dentyne. You'll enjoy its sparkling flavor—and the way it helps keep teeth bright. Notice Dentyne's handy flat package too).

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

"Just now . . . a minute—two . . ."

Ron pushed the kneeling woman aside. He said, "Take the baby!"

Dr. Barton looked at him, his old eyes filmed with the tears of defeat. He said helplessly, "I haven't anything . . . I— Good heaven," he said, and held out his shaking hands, "I can't . . ."

This was a dead woman on the bed. A young woman with fair plaited hair and a still, pale face. Her eyes were still open. Her face had a look of frozen agony which had not yet been effaced by the longer sleep.

"Get me a jackknife," Ron said.

Doc's jackknife was in his hand. It was sharp. A good knife, one which would cut life free from death.

The woman who was Lily's mother stood against the wall and screamed.

"Take her out," Ron ordered Jenny Barton. "Hurry!"

Jenny put her arm around the older woman, who wept and stormed and prayed, and took her from the room. Mamie was there, coming up the steps. Jenny left Lily's mother with her and went back. There might be something she could do.

The long swift incision.

"Scissors," Ron said. He worked swiftly for a minute or two, then lifted the living child.

Jenny Barton, watching, felt the slow tears on her cheeks. She had not known she was crying.

For half an hour she stood there, waiting, watching, holding her grandfather's heavy trembling hand in her own while Ron Lewis worked over the baby . . . and then, suddenly, the long, thin, rebellious wail.

Jenny spoke, almost in a whisper. She said, *"The breath of life—"*

"That's it," said Ron. He looked at her and smiled. "You can take over," he said.

Oil, blankets, argyrol . . . this was Jenny's job. It seemed to Ron that somehow the agony had gone from Lily's little face. Not all in *vain*—

☆ HE went out of that room of life and death and the older man followed. He kept saying humbly, "I hadn't a thing . . . I couldn't—I'm getting too old. . . . She just—died, Ron . . ."

"Weak spot in cerebral artery," said Ron, "giving way under strain. Cerebral hemorrhage." He sighed deeply, sudden lines of strain around his mouth. "There's something you can do now—"

"What?"

"Find Bill Treat and tell him he has a son. He won't have gone far, I think."

"I said, 'She's gone, Bill,' and he ran out of the house," Doc Barton said slowly. "Well, I'll find him. . . ."

"Mamie'll look after the grandmother," said Ron soothingly, "and Jenny will take care of the baby. You can help about the arrangements. . . ."

He thought, It's barbaric, desolate. But it will give him something to do. . . .

A little later Bill Treat came back, walking like a man in a nightmare. He said as he came up the steps, "I don't want to see—it."

"You don't have to," said Ron promptly . . . "but I would, if I were you. Husky little devil; weighs eight pounds, if my guess is anywhere near right. He's yours, you know. . . ."

Dr. Barton was back at the big house, calling the undertaker. Lily's mother had been put to bed in Mat's room. Barton, having himself once more in hand, had given her a sedative. Over in the cottage, Jenny had oiled and dressed the baby . . . and Bill sat in the next room beside the sheeted form which had been his wife.

Ron went in and through to the little room and looked down at the child, wrinkled and red, with a fierce, protesting scowl on almost nonexistent eyebrows. And Jenny, settling things, boiling up bottles and nipples in the kitchen, went back and forth quietly. She was, he realized, an extraordinarily lovely girl. Dark hair, heavy and uncut. Dark quiet eyes, and a still, oval face, colorless except for the rose red of a sensitive full mouth.

☆ "SO you're Jenny," he said. "I'm Ron Lewis. Your grandfather's bad boy—years before your time. We haven't had time for a proper introduction."

She smiled at him. "I know," she said. She spoke softly, as he did, because of the baby. She said, "It was lucky that I persuaded her"—her voice broke a little—"to get some bottles and nipples. She laughed, I remember, and said, 'I'll nurse my baby.' And I said, 'Well, you never know. Sometimes supplementary feedings are indicated—'"

He asked, "You'll stay here?"

"Until we get the right formula," she answered, "and things are organized. I imagine Lily's mother will stay on. But meantime I can help—until she can take over and Bill's adjusted himself." She added, "He's taking this terribly hard."

"I know." He looked at her considering. He added, "You're a very competent young woman, Jenny."

Jenny flushed faintly. She said, "Thank you—but I did nothing. It was you—and it was wonderful."

He felt awkward again, boyish, absurd. He said, "Nonsense—"

"I've seen dozens of Caesareans," she told him, "but always in the hospital . . . with everything to work with. . . . But this was different . . . this was almost like a miracle."

"It was nothing," he told her.

But it wasn't true. It was something. It was life out of death. It was his job. His heart swelled with it. He said, "I heard you say something a while ago. . . . The breath of life, you said. Well, it's like that, always. . . ."

"To you?" she asked.

"To me."

He had never said it before, not to any one, just how he felt about his job . . . which was bringing the breath of life and which was just that to him.

He said, after a minute, "I'll have

to get back to the house. . . . Mamie will be wondering." He looked at her and smiled. "If ever you want to work in New York, let me know. I've just finished my residency at Lister Memorial. I'm going into practice with a very great man . . . perhaps your grandfather told you. So, if you want a job in my end of things at my hospital, write me, will you? I'd like to work with you," he said, "again."

She would always remember that. She had done nothing, but he said *again.*

Jenny said, "Thank you," and her voice shook a little. Her voice was shaken by her heart. Yet what had her heart to do with a man she did not know? She thought, with a sudden surging of passionate loyalty, a loyalty she was to feel as long as she lived, *But I do know him.*

He had come into this house, he had brought life into it. He was a man utterly to be trusted . . . a man in whom you could believe with every ounce of faith that was in you . . . human, compassionate, and fine.

He was going now. He said, "Good-by—you'll take over, won't you?" and smiled at her, a transforming smile which made him seem younger, more vulnerable. Watching him go, her heart beat warning drums and she could have laughed or wept with the new strange rhythm of excitement and expectation.

Jenny had never met a man with eyes like that . . . with a face which changed so abruptly to a mask of concentration, with such sure, deft hands.

She thought, I can't leave grandfather . . . but perhaps, some day—

☆ RON went back to the house and Mamie came to meet him. She said, "She's asleep—Lily's mother. . Doc and Mat are going over to stay with Bill a while."

"Good." He was tired again, and as suddenly famished. He asked plaintively, "When do I eat?"

"Good land," said Mamie, "and your fish ruined! I'll go cook you another—"

"Don't bother. Milk and a sandwich."

He ate, sitting out on the porch. Not far away, Lily's son slept and Jenny watched over him. The undertaker came and went, and Bill sat, his hands between his knees, and Doc Barton and Mat sat beside him.

Ron went upstairs to bed, tiptoeing past the door beyond which Lily's mother mercifully slept. He thought, I've got to get away—as soon as I can without hurting their feelings. I've got to get back to work. . . .

Needed at home, among his own people, yet wanting to work in a great city with a man he admires—and near the woman he loves—young Dr. Lewis has a hard choice to make. What road will he take? And where will it lead? Go on with this fine poignant novel of love, loyalty, and a struggle that tore a man's heart. In Liberty next week.

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Address

City State U. S. A.

County

Send for this Figuring Chart

September Shopping Spree

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ IF you love to shop, skip the next paragraph. . . . *But,* if shopping defeats you, read on: because, if you love nice things, you just can't wish for them, you *must* shop for them. The following are tried and true suggestions to simplify shopping. . . .

1. An early start.
2. Comfortable shoes.
3. A carefully thought out list.
4. Allow yourself plenty of time to mull over the merits of each item. The "plum" of a hurried decision often turns out to be a "lemon."
5. *Bargains.* . . . My only rule, which has saved some repentance at leisure, is, No bargain is a bargain if it looks like a bargain. (From the ancient Sanskrit.)

Now, if you will follow these suggestions and banish the glazed look from your eye, we will join the shop lovers.

Come on—let's go shopping!

Do you spy what I spy in that window? What attractive shoes! Wouldn't they be good with skirts and sweaters and such? Wonder how much they cost. $5.98 . . . they look much more. They are sandals with wide, low heels—but they wouldn't give the foot that flat look. Each strap is emblazoned with nailheads, and they come in red or green antique calf, beige or black bucko calf. . . . Let's go in and try them on.

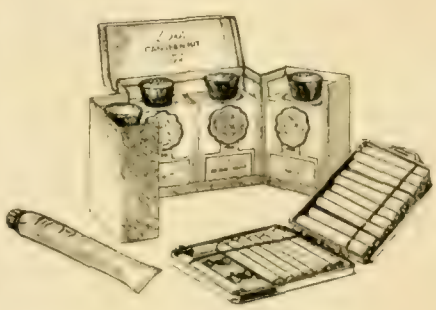
Shall we stop a minute at this counter? I want to ask about a kind of nail-polish remover. It takes the lacquer off the nails. At the same time, it softens the cuticle, takes stains from fingers, and is generally helpful. . . . It costs 60 cents a tube.

Did you say you wanted to look at sweaters? Do you see that nice "twin" set? What lovely colors! The pull-over is $3 and the cardigan $4. The yellow would be pretty, but look at that blue. . . . Oh, you're going to take the pink? Well, it's up to you—all right; we'll think about it while we get my shoes. Come on.

I'm sorry, but I just have to stop and buy one of those lucite cigarette cases. They hold twenty cigarettes, cost $1, and are stunning . . . so plain. . . . I want a crystal one. . . . No initials or insignia. . . . I think the real chic of them is their anonymity. I want crystal, yes. . . . The amber's attractive, and so is the rose, and the amethyst, and the red, and the blue . . . but the shell . . . Oh, dear, shall I take shell or crystal? . . . Yes, let's think about it while I get my shoes.

Before we go, I must get a present for a friend of mine who has just been drafted. There is a nice arrangement, called the canteen kit, which contains four four-ounce bottles (simple, sturdy bottles with wooden stoppers). One bottle holds foot lotion (bet that will feel good); another, hair dressing; a third, After Shave; and the fourth, Body Essential. . . . $3.95. And the labels have the insignia of the Army, Navy, and Air Corps. . . . Let's get on to my shoes.

Stop! . . . See that beautiful bottle—no, that one with the golden initials. . . . This is truly a clever idea—you select your fragrance and then they put your own initials on the flask. The scents are provocative, aren't they? Smell this. White Hyacinthe. And this is a *good* gardenia fragrance. . . . This is nice, too—spicy—Flowers of Devonshire, it's called . . . And what is this? "Bewitching." . . . Oh, what a heavenly smell! I want this.



. . . $1.75 for the three-ounce size. With the initials B. S., please. . . . No charge for initials—how nice.

Where is the shoe department, please? Thank you. . . . Come along. What is it now? Oh, a tweed skirt. Only $4 for that skirt with the cunning key ring chained to the leather belt. . . . Sizes 12 to 18. I'd like to try one on—I'd like to see what that tricky kick pleat, fore and aft, does for my figure. . . . Brown, green, Oxford, or purple. . . . I wonder if I should get green or Oxford gray. . . . Oh, the shoes—yes; I'll think about it while I try on the shoes.

Here we are at last. . . . I'd like to see a pair of those nailhead shoes, size 6, please. . . . You haven't any more in my size? Well, can you order a pair? That's good. . . . You did just sell the last pair, did you, while I was flirting with a skirt. There must be a moral here. . . .

MEMOS ON MY MIRROR: Wear pearls in your hair with your first white

dress of the season, or with your black velvet robe de style.

Have a long-sleeved sleeping jacket of red-and-white-striped shirting, for a change.

If your ankles are one of your proudest possessions, maybe your current suitor might give you an anklet (to exploit said ankles) with the personalest message in the world engraved on the little identification tablet.

Wear biscuit-color flannel slacks in the country as an alternate to the inevitable gray.

Wear a wide, wide belt . . . like a polo player's, but in bright Kelly green or vermilion . . . with almost everything.

Paste a frieze of snapshots around your bathroom wall.

Wear ballet slippers instead of bedroom slippers, and instead of evening sandals if you are very tall.

Save any particularly odd or attractive bottles to fill with fern or to change into a lamp.

When you go to sleep, head bristling with curlers, wrap a silken kerchief over your hair, so you won't frighten yourself.

In case any admirer sends red roses, wear them at the waist, as well as distributing them around the home.

Save a piece of each dress and blouse and coat, to make, some day, into a personal patchwork quilt. Think of the fun you'll have reminiscing and giggling over the fact that a square of the pale, pale blue satin from the dress you wore when you met him is right next to a triangle of plaid from the skirt you wore when you first quarreled. . . . It will be fun . . . some day. . . .

P.S. How is the diet going?

Watch for the next Girl Meets Girl. All about going on a trip. In an early issue!

★ GIRL MEETS GIRL ★

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

The United States navy assigned no less than seven officers as technical advisers during the making of the film. Had Warners assigned half that number of advisers on the story plot itself, they might have had not just a good but a great picture.

(Warner Brothers.)

★ ★ ★ NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Paramount has attempted the well nigh impossible. They have attempted to squeeze their 1941 killer-diller comic, Bob Hope, into an outmoded farce, and the results are confusing. For one thing, Bob has grown too corpulent, fore and aft, for any kind of squeezing. It spreads him out in the wrong directions. For another, his specialized, gag-minded brand of comedy, peculiar to this day of pep and speed, is thrown out of gear by the rheumatic pace of a 1916 farce. Yet, despite these drawbacks, and because Mr. Hope can wring a laugh from a stuffed monkey, Nothing but the Truth will undoubtedly cause no end of merriment wherever it goes.

The premise of the story is based on Bob's contention that any man can tell the absolute truth for twenty-four consecutive hours. So firmly does Bob convince himself of the soundness of this fantastic theory, that he bets $10,000 of Paulette Goddard's money with his boss, Edward Arnold, the boss's son-in-law, Glenn Anders, and stockbroker Leif Erikson, that it can be done.

That night, on Mr. Arnold's houseboat, our wilted hero is given every opportunity to regret his bargain to indulge in the sport made famous by the late G. Washington. Strange wives are wished upon him to frustrate his romance with Paulette. In an unbecoming negligee, Mr. Hope is forced to flee his room, only to find himself dunked like a doughnut in the sea.

"Get the lead out of your sarong, Father Time," urges Bob, as complications set in thick and fast. Every one, including the audience, is worn to a frazzle by the time it's over. Lying has never seemed so luxurious.

Miss Goddard gains more assurance with each film. But it's Mr. Hope's film first and last, for better or worse, and who would have it otherwise?

(Paramount.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road.

★★★—Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon Over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

ISLAND IN THE CORN, by John Selby.

From around a tea table on the lawn of the most gracious house of Hasselmans, Wisconsin, in 1880, the members of the Trace family remarked the approach of a young man in a racing sulky behind a lame trotter. Invited to rest, Cornelius Starbuck of New Bedford, Massachusetts, remained to share the grand misfortunes of a unique family representing the finest American culture of the time. Selby writes with an easy warmth you'll find engaging.

(Published by Farrar & Rinehart)

INHALE?

(SURE—ALL SMOKERS DO)

LET'S admit the fact! *Every* smoker inhales *some* of the time. And *when* you do, there's an increased chance of irritation. But — note this vital difference — reported by eminent doctors!

On comparing — the irritant quality in the smoke of the four other leading brands was found to average more than *three times* that of the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris . . . and the irritation *lasts more than five times as long!*

So — for complete enjoyment of the world's finest tobaccos — with never a thought of throat irritation —

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

VEGETABLE MAIN-DISHES
FOR LUNCH OR SUPPER!

SPAGHETTI AND ONION TIMBALES

Try this delectable, hefty blend on That Man.

● Fill 6 individual baking dishes with alternate layers Heinz Spaghetti and sliced onions (1 large tin Spaghetti—6 onions). Season onions with salt, pepper. Make top layer of onions. Dot with butter. Bake 25 min. 400°F.

MACARONI LOAF

Nourishing, filling. Nuts add delicious crunchiness.

● Mix lightly 1 tin Heinz Cooked Macaroni, ¼ cup each green pepper, celery, 2 tbs. pimiento, ½ cup peanuts (all chopped), ½ tsp. grated onion, 2 well-beaten eggs, salt, pepper. Bake 1 hour, 325°F. Serves three.

CREOLE SPAGHETTI

A speedy dish with a Southern flair.

● Brown ¾ cup mushrooms, ⅓ cup chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion in 2 tablespoons fat. Add 1 medium (17-oz.) tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in tomato sauce with cheese. Heat.

FREE! Fully illustrated folder packed with hints, recipes and menus for serving tastier sandwiches! Write H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. L-9, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Quick—hearty—thrifty—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is temptingly sauced with tomatoes, cheese and rare spices.

COOKED to tender perfection—and glistening with richly spiced tomato sauce—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is one dish in a million! For it's delicious, convenient, packed with energy—*and* surprisingly thrifty! You'll enjoy it by itself—or combined with leftovers!

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

QUICK, ECONOMICAL, ENERGY-MEAL!

HAS BRITAIN WON THE WAR OF NERVES?

Continued from Page 15

husky athletic-looking lad. "He was a patient here not long ago. When he had recovered from his shock he didn't want to leave us, so we let him come back here as a trainer. The boys like him better than any one else—he knows how to tackle them, naturally.

"He was a case of concussion from effects of blast. When a bomb exploded, he was thrown to the ground and lost consciousness for a time. There was a slight hemorrhage from the ears for three days and he developed severe headaches. No fracture was detected by X-ray examination. Yet he'd sort of lost his speech—stammered and so on."

The clear voice of the "stammerer" was at that moment giving well enunciated orders.

"These are all army people," the doctor explained. "One might divide them into three main groups. There are those who have been 'shocked' by shells or bombs—young fellows, for the greater part, like our instructor here. Then there are the older men who were in the last war and find it difficult to accustom themselves to this new kind of warfare, so they are apt to lose their self-confidence and become depressed. Thirdly, we get what we call 'peacetime one-job men.' Simple-minded creatures, these. War with all its lovely surprises wouldn't do such a one-job man any good! Incidentally, fifty per cent of all our patients had had some kind of nerve trouble *before* the war."

We went into one of a number of small houses, and found a regular carpenter's workshop. About fifteen men were busy making new chairs, repairing old tables, and constructing some most ingenious stands. I watched one boy carving small figures out of a piece of rough wood. He did it very well and accurately. "How long have you been learning this?" I asked him. He looked up at me then. His narrow blue eyes, quite different from S————'s eyes, showed the same bewildered emptiness. "For three weeks," he said. The doctor couldn't for the moment recall this particular patient's history. "Where did you come from?" he asked him several times. "From Dunkirk!" the boy finally cried: it sounded rather like: "From hell."

A neighboring house was given up to the "sign painters" among the patients. Four men, each with a drawing board before him, were just completing their work for the day. They had been drawing and painting caricatures of Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, and Mussolini. "Good," said the doctor appreciatively; "very handsome." Then, to me: "Those are to be our targets. The boys will be delighted to have a chance of throwing things at them." One of the artists laughed grimly. "You bet," he said.

THE END

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

☆ "OPALS *were* unlucky to old-time jewel cutters because they broke so many. They didn't know opal chemistry. So they tried to steer the public away from opals by attributing a legendary jinx to them. A Sir Walter Scott novel, Anne of Geierstein, spread the superstition far and wide, recounting a frightsome tale of hard-luck happenings that befell an enchanted princess who wore an opal in her hair." . . . C. Edward Paskow, gem expert for the Wm. V. Schmidt Company, big wholesale dealers in precious stones, gave me this common-sense explanation of the opal myth. Since the opal is October's birthstone, I thought you might like to know a few opal facts, now that October is coming in. . . . The opal market always rises sharply in October. People born in October think of opals as lucky to them, instead of unlucky. . . . Black Australian opals are choicest, valued from around fifty dollars to as high as six thousand. All white opals are called "Hungarian," though the opal mines of Hungary have been empty for years. Other varieties are the Mexican, described as watery, and the Nevada opal, brittle and "glassy." . . . When you buy opals, look for those which show deep red fiery glints. They're not as valuable if the fire lights appear yellowish or orangy. Black opals aren't actually black but dark green or dark blue shot with flame colors. Like pearls, opals dry out and go dead unless worn in contact with human flesh. If you hide your opals away in your jewel box, they should be lightly rubbed with olive oil from time to time. In fact they are nothing but crystallized sand—their rainbow loveliness only exists through the miracle of refracted light.

☆ STOPPED by a cop for infringing traffic rules on a road strange to her but familiar to her daughter and daughter's army boy friend in the back seat, a lady I know started bawling the young people out for not warning her. Then the cop bawled *her* out. "Shame on you, madam," he said, "for taking a sharp tongue to these kids. Let them enjoy themselves while they can. Drive on."

☆ SMARTEST of new reducing exercises is the Highland fling, danced toe to knee, rapid and acrobatic. . . . Due to our wartime trend toward all economies, laundry included, antique shops are being ransacked for old-fashioned napkin rings, comic ones of Victorian vintage preferred. . . . And this autumn a red flannel shirt is *the* thing to wear with your tweed suit.

☆ "WHY can't we raise our own silkworms right here on this continent? It's bad enough to rely on any worm for our glossiness, but to be dependent on *foreign* worms is an outrage!" . . . We've voiced this cry periodically for a hundred and fifty years. Thomas Jefferson planted mulberry trees and urged other Americans to plant them, hoping we could cultivate silkworm independence. The current silk-stocking stampede has revived the issue. My friend, Nellie Payne—entomologist for the American Cyanamide Company—tells me we have more than twenty species of native worms whose cocoons might some day be processed to give silk. Indifferent to mulberry leaves, the best prospects subsist on a varied diet of willow, wild cherry, apple, elm, spiraea. Their cocoons are great big fat ones . . . but so are the labor costs involved. . . . Raw silk must be unwound by hand—a weary task for which Chinese and Japanese women are paid disgraceful wages. . . . *That can't happen here!*

☆ THIS true story seems timely. At the beginning of the new school year it upholds the wisdom of a modern teacher. . . . A boy disturbed the classroom with rowdy antics. She kept him after school. "Catching flies, weren't you?" she asked. He said yes. "Catch six more," said the teacher, "then you may go home." . . . What had been an amusing mischief for him became an intolerable bore. Two long hours expired before he caught the six flies required. . . . Young or old, I guess all of us would hate our follies if we were *compelled* to practice them.

☆ ARE you a listener? There's more to it than just keeping your ears open. Theodore M. Finney's new book, Hearing Music, brightens appreciation—and should polish our musical small talk. (Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.)

☆ AS a change from slimming fare, this week I give you, *South Carolina Syllabub*. Penned by hand generations ago, the recipe bears this quaint recommendation: "Will fatten the lean." . . . Prepare as follows: Dissolve 1 cup sugar in 1 cup milk, then stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, 2 tablespoons sherry wine, 1 cup California brandy. (I have modernized the specifications in line with present-day commodities.) . . . Slowly, carefully, add 3 cups lightly beaten cream. Beat all ingredients together until mixture starts to thicken. Dust with nutmeg. Serve in a bowl, to drink from punch cups. The milk, cream, and liquor should be well chilled before mixing.

"Young man, I'm not sure I want a ticket! How much are they?"

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ THIS MAN'S ARMY wouldn't be what it is without some griping, but tell those recruits up in the States not to wear out their luck. Listen to what happened to us. Our last six months in Panama were spent a hundred miles from civilization, under canvas, with swimming our only recreation. Sailing orders arrived one week after occupation of the barracks we'd constructed. Now we're here in Trinidad, attending British dances, participating in local sports events, going to the "cinema," and picnicking Sundays on the island's finest beaches. We really like the place. How could we help it after Panama?

From the stories we hear about the camps "up there," we think maybe we're just as well off away from it all. So we aren't complaining, just doing our share. Your comments, Sarge?

Pvt. D. D., Caribbean Defense Command, Trinidad, B. W. I.

Yours is the first letter I've printed from one of our new island bases and a whole lot of people will be interested in hearing of the life you're leading down there. Thanks, and send along more news.

My son is still serving his minority enlistment in the Navy. His letters are postmarked on board ship and most of the time I haven't the slightest idea where he is. I don't begrudge the Army mothers a single line of the pages and pages which chronicle the doings of their sons, but at least they know where their sons are, and we Navy mothers don't. Why can't you give us more letters from *our* boys, Sarge? We need them. We're not getting a break. Won't you give us one?

Mrs. F. G. D., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mother, it would be a pleasure . . . but the gobs have got to write the letters before I can print them. The proportion of Army letters to Navy is at least 100 to 1. I have printed all the Navy letters worthy of this page that I could find, but I admit there haven't been nearly enough. Come on, Navy letter writers, give your mothers a break. Then I can.

Will we Selective Service men be eligible to join the American Legion when we finish our hitches?

Pvt. H. E. W., Fort Totten, N. Y.

Not unless you were also in the last unpleasantness. To become a member of the Legion you must have been a member of the armed forces between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1919. It may interest you to know that at Camp Croft, South Carolina, several hundred men from Illinois have organized "the Illinois Contingent of Selective Service" for the purpose of maintaining contacts after leaving service. If other state groups adopt this idea it may very well grow into a national organization similar to the Legion.

There must be many of us who, because of some slight physical impairment, have been rejected for voluntary or selective service in any branch of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard. I've tried them all, but I can't get in because of nearsightedness; yet I'd like to do something constructive about getting "That Man." Can you help us?

R. N. H., Ann Arbor, Mich.

You very evidently realize that rejection or deferment because you are not up to the physical requirements of the armed forces, does not excuse you from the moral obligation of helping your country when its security is threatened. Looks to me as though the time isn't far off when each community, large or small, will have to have its civilian defense activities fully organized. That means man power and it means *you*. Offer your services to existing state or local civilian defense agencies. There will be more as time goes on. Have you any skill or special industrial training which could be used by one of the many defense industries which are at work on projects of vital interest to national security? Keep those nearsighted eyes of yours wide open and I'm sure you'll find a place to serve, even though you may not wear a uniform while doing so.

I enlisted in the Army in March, 1936, for a three-year hitch, served with the 31st Infantry at Manila, and was honorably discharged, for the convenience of the Army, at San Francisco, in September, 1938. My local draft board says that I am still subject to the draft. I believe that I should be deferred because of my prior Army service. Who's right?

C. W., Idaho.

Until the 28th of July your draft board was; since then you are. On that date Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, Deputy Director of Selective Service, telegraphed all local boards: ". . . You are instructed . . . to postpone the induction of men who were or will be discharged from the Regular Army or Coast Guard for the convenience of the government within six months prior to the completion of their regular three-year period of enlistment, inasmuch as the age deferment legislation in its present form includes a provision which would relieve such men from training and service."

The food I get is dandy,
It's fit to feed a king.
And what a hunk of shut-eye bliss
An army cot can bring.
But you should see my overcoat!
It reaches to the ground.
And such a pair of trousers!
They just go round and round.
When orders call for marching,
We're a funny bunch of guys,
With shirt sleeves hanging to our knees
And hats down past our eyes.
The other day while drilling—
The march had just begun—
My feet took six steps forward
While my shoes had taken one.
So now you've heard my tale of woe,
And do you realize
The Army, filling out its clothes,
Would be just twice its size?

Pvt. W. C. B., Fort Ord, Calif.

"First they sent us over to some stables . . . your letter said something about working around jackasses!"

AH, BIDDY WAS THE WILD ONE!—Continued from Page 19

She backed away from him and the baby. "Be careful of this corn-colored silk—it's so easy to spot. I can't take him." She looked at them all in helpless alarm. "I never can quiet him when he cries with wind on his stomach. Here, Biddy, you take him."

But Tim O'Bannon would not let Biddy take the baby from his arms. "You're the first, Roxanna, to be marrying and making a home," he said determinedly, "and I made sacred promise to his mother—"

And then suddenly it came to Biddy what Tim O'Bannon was angling for. He had said it, and John Hogan had said it: "A man can never jilt a maid." But a maid could jilt a man. And it came to Biddy, too, that even though her father constantly bragged of Roxanna and constantly berated her, Biddy, his way-underneath tenderness was for her, and he was trying to give her happiness—and John Hogan. And, realizing it, Biddy's throat was tight and strangling.

☆ "SO take off your silk dress and put on something suitable for the long ride after the marrying," Tim O'Bannon said to Roxanna.

Roxanna backed still farther away from him and sidled closer to Aunt Rose for protection, and her voice was both whimpering and defiant. "But the ball? I've been practicing quadrille steps—it's not easy to step backward with a train. And I want to taste the brandy jelly tarts—and Aunt Rose has made me acquainted with some—some who'll be there. I've—I mean one of the general's aides has already spoken to me for the lanciers. Aunt Rose, I don't want to get married so hurried-like, and drive all night—"

Aunt Rose said, almost tearfully: "I've been saving the clove pinks in my flower bed and covering them each night so we'd have some—even a few handfuls—for the wedding."

"But here is John Hogan," Tim O'Bannon drove on, "who has been promised a wife, and him needing one now."

In the pause Biddy's heart thumped slow and hard against her ribs. . . . And then Roxanna said it—she said the same words, and with the same goaded resentment in her voice, as when she'd backed away from the small baby that needed much care and much love: "Then, Biddy, you take him."

As Biddy took the baby, fitting him familiarly over her shoulder to ease the wind on his stomach, her eyes met her father's in great conspiracy. And then they lifted to John Hogan's, who was coming to her saying, "If Biddy is willing, I am." But it seemed to Biddy he was saying, "Never a new little moon will ride over Pike's Peak that you won't be sharing it with me."

THE END

Fred Allen says:

"WANT A GOOD STEER? Steer for a FIRE-CHIEF pump and rope yourself a heap of extra mileage"

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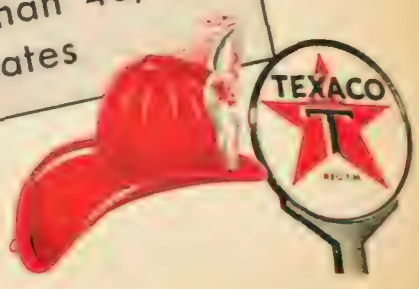

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hind herself and past him to be certain they were alone; and then, all pretense of calm vanishing, she had whispered:

"What are you doing here, Philip? What *is* this?"

"I'm doing what you knew I was doing in Geneva," he had answered. "Fighting."

"But this masquerade—"

"A new weapon, that's all."

Lisa had hesitated. "The girl with you—who is she?"

"Maria Lantera."

"Truly?"

"Maria Lantera," he'd repeated.

"Philip—" She had sounded desperate. "I don't know what you're planning to do, but—"

"Suppose you let *me* ask a few questions," he'd said.

☆ THEN Herr Werther had come down the stairs, and Lisa had instantly changed. She had smiled, gracious and composed, and she had said, as she passed Philip to join the director, "After dinner, signore, I will present you to the troupe. You will find them very pleasant."

And that had been all.

Later, introducing him and Mignon to the performers, she had made it an easy, casual round. He had met them all. A young couple from Frankfort who did modern ballroom dancing—the man's exclusion from military duties explained by squinting, myopic eyes. A group of fat and ruddy comedians from Hamburg. A ballet company of sixteen who would interpret Mozart on their toes in compositions which included, the ballerina had confided to Philip, the five little *divertimenti* for two clarinets and bassoon.

But principally there was a thick-lipped baritone, named Hermann Krug, who trailed Lisa like a dog.

He was a huge fellow with the chest of a giant, a thick neck, and a mass of unruly yellow hair—the visual embodiment of all the Nazi arrogance Philip detested. Once Krug had sung minor Wagnerian roles at the opera in Berlin. And this made him the star of the company; at any rate, he appeared to regard himself as the star. His attitude toward traveling with a variety show, you soon discovered, was one of scornful condescension. He kept himself aloof from every one except Lisa. With her, it was obvious, Krug was infatuated. He sat at her table during dinner, talking incessantly, gesticulating. Afterward, too, he tried to monopolize her, begrudging even the time she took to present the Italian newcomers to the rest of the actors.

"He's the type," Philip had muttered to Mignon, "who thinks no other man is fit to occupy the same room with a German. It would be a pleasure to push a fist into his face."

He had tried to find other moments alone with Lisa. But, with the rest of the troupe always about her, it had been impossible.

Now he lay in darkness, remembering all that. Marveling at the very miracle of meeting Lisa again. Yet wondering, with anxiety he could not crush, what she would do about him. . . .

It must have been close to three when he heard something that made him lift his head from the pillow. Startled, he looked toward the door of Mignon's room. From beyond it came the sound of steps. Not a few treads of some one crossing the floor, but steps going back and forth, back and forth. . . .

Philip pushed himself out of bed.

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The American Way of Life

He sat still, listening. This first night in Germany, he realized, must be terrible for Mignon's nerves. Worse than for his own. Mignon, who had killed a Nazi officer, could expect no mercy at all if ever her identity was established. She had been aware of that when she had come to Bayreuth; the knowledge gave Philip a renewed respect for her courage.

He rose. He didn't trouble to pull a dressing gown over his pajamas. His window, like every other window in Germany, was blackened and closed. It made the room hot, filled it with a stifling blackness that seemed to have substance.

Philip went to her door. Behind it the steps were still crossing the floor, again and again. He hesitated, then knocked.

The sounds stopped.

In a moment the door was pulled open. In the darkness, Mignon's face was an indefinite blur. Her shadowy figure was slim and small and vague.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"Philip, I—I can't sleep."

"But you've *got* to rest. You sing in the morning."

"Do you think I haven't tried? For hours I lay there. For hours. *C'est inutile.* I—I am coiled up."

Looking into her dim face with a surge of pity, he had the same impulse he had known the night he brought her across the Swiss border. He wanted to reassure her as he might have soothed a frightened child.

"Come," he said. He put an arm around her and drew her into the darkness of his own room. She wore only a sheer silken nightgown, and through it he could feel the pulsating tension of her body. He whispered, "Sit down. Let's talk awhile. It will be good to talk."

"A hundred times I have wanted to wake you," she told him. "It is dreadful, Philip, to feel—alone!"

There was a settee under the blackened window, and here they sat together. Mignon clung to his hand. He imagined she shivered, but he could hardly see her in the darkness. He glanced uncertainly toward the table that held the lamp. To switch on a light might attract attention, and he didn't want that.

☆ "WE are like a little island, you and I," Mignon said hushedly. "A little human island surrounded by this great sea of Nazism. At any moment it can rise and overwhelm us. . . . That is what I have been thinking, Philip."

"It's no way to get to sleep."

"I know. Maybe I have been silly." Suddenly she turned close to him, her face buried in his shoulder. He could feel a shudder ripple through her. "I'm afraid, Philip. Tonight, for the first time, I am really afraid!"

"Nonsense. You've got more courage than anybody I know."

"Only on the outside. Inside I—I tremble."

"The excitement of the first night. You'll feel better in daylight." He tried to be confident. "After all, so far we've come through with luck. Getting by von Seidtz and into the troupe without trouble."

"Without trouble? Have you forgotten Lisa Abernathil? And Riscaldi?"

"Riscaldi is a worry for next week. No use letting him keep us awake tonight."

She laughed a little at that; a strained laugh. "You think I am silly. You are trying to make me feel better. I know. And I *am* being silly . . . Philip, put your arm about me. Hold me tight."

"Mignon—"

"Please."

He felt uneasy and a bit rattled as he held her close to himself. Her head still lay on his shoulder. When he looked down, his cheek touched her hair.

"So," she whispered, and there was an odd note of contentment and relief in the word. "So. . . ." And after

a long stillness, "I am not afraid, Philip, like this."

He didn't speak. Holding her in the darkness, he was aware of her warmth through the silk of her gown, and confused with thoughts he couldn't analyze. There was a strange sense of possession in him. Of responsibility, too. As if he *had* to give her his strength.

The minutes passed. He could hear her breathing more easily now. He could feel the relaxation that flowed into her body. She seemed to sink lower and lower in his arm, and the wild thumpings in her began to subside. How long they sat there, he didn't know. A half hour. An hour. Perhaps more.

And it came to him at last, in surprise, that Mignon was *asleep*. . . .

As he looked down at her, a strange gentleness stole over him. Mignon Gaudin, who had sung La Marseillaise into the face of a Nazi general, who had killed a German officer with a blow, who had boldly entered Germany as a spy—here, in the darkness, she had been like a little girl. He knew now why she had wanted to creep into the comfort of his arm. A child scared by nightmares, begging contact with another human being bigger, stronger than herself. . . . Her body was warm against him, molding itself to his. It gave him an indefinable sense of ease to hold her like this. . . .

He waited awhile, hardly daring to stir. Then he slipped an arm under her knees and rose with her, carefully. He carried her into her room, lowered her to the bed.

She awoke then, still in his arms. As he bent over her, Mignon's face was only an inch from his. A long, easy sigh flowed from her, warm on his cheek. She let her arm slip from his shoulder and fall limply to the bed.

"*Bonne nuit*, Philip," she murmured.

He smiled. For a few seconds he continued to bend over her. Then he rose and went back to his own room, on his toes. There was a contented feeling in him. All his former strain had disappeared. He knew he also would be able to sleep now.

☆ THE promenade behind the Festspielhaus was shaded by trees—some of them, it was said, selected by Richard Wagner himself. Lisa Abernathil sat there alone this morning, while the troupe rehearsed in the theater. An army of pigeons besieged her feet. She was waiting, her eyes on the stage door.

When Philip Layden appeared, she drew an unsteady breath. She had been near him in the great auditorium, watching the ballet perform. And she had seen his eyes follow her when she had turned to go out. She had known he would come.

He approached in a casual way, one hand in a pocket of his gray jacket. The pigeons moved just far enough to allow him to join her on the bench; then they swarmed back.

Lisa's greeting, intended for any one

Mary Martin, star of the Paramount picture "New York Town", is shown...

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who might be looking at them, was cordial. And Philip's poise complemented hers. As he sat down he offered her a cigarette. There was no outward sign of the excitement both felt. Yet this was the first opportunity they'd found to be alone for more than a few seconds since the night on the Geneva balcony. Lisa's hushed voice faltered.

"I—I've been *hoping* for a chance to talk to you," she said. "It's a reckless thing you are doing here, Philip. It's mad."

"All war is mad."

"But for you, a neutral American . . . or aren't you really an American?"

"Right now we'd better say I'm Italian."

"Why do you risk your life like this? For whom?"

"It's the word neutral that confuses you. A lot of us just can't be neutral any more." He crossed his legs, turned to face her, and hooked an arm over the back of the bench. The pigeons were cooing about his feet. He glanced down at them. "They're hungry," he said. "That's because even in Germany there aren't any bread crumbs to spare. Nor anywhere else now. It's hard to be neutral in a world like that."

"I'm not defending this world," she said. "I wanted to talk to you because I hoped I could—help you."

He thought, *You helped me in Geneva, too, didn't you? By bringing disaster.*

But he asked, "Help me in what way?"

"I don't know. It depends on what you're trying to do."

"I can't tell you that, Lisa."

"You're trying to say you don't trust me."

"Should I—after Geneva?"

He saw a flush come into her face. Even when she was unnerved, he thought, she was beautiful. The blue bandeau went perfectly with her flaxen hair. She wore sports clothes today—a light pull-over sweater that paid tribute to every contour of her body, and a short skirt.

He looked down at the tip of his cigarette. It was confusing not to understand your own emotions. You knew you had every reason to distrust this woman, and yet sometimes you found yourself doubting your own attitude. You *yearned* to trust her—that was the strange thing. More than that, you yearned to take her into your arms and forget everything else. . . .

He wished, on impulse, that he could tell her he was working for the Ravineau underground movement—as she too was supposed to be working for it. That would be a bond. Yet he hesitated to tell her anything at all. The knowledge that she had once been married to an Austrian Nazi gnawed at him. If Georges Siblot was wrong about her, if her loyalty was stronger to the Gestapo than to Ravineau, the less he said, the better.

He lifted his eyes to her. "Why don't you tell me something about yourself?"

"I don't matter. You're the one who's in danger."

"That evasion means, I take it, there are things you can't tell me, either."

She flung out impatiently, "Of course! We—we're all living crazy, unnatural lives, aren't we?"

"In a crazy, unnatural world. And we'll have to live them together for the next few months, Lisa."

Her hand suddenly gripped his on the bench. She fixed earnest eyes on him. "Philip, why don't you tell me how I can help you? I—I *want* to help."

"All you can do is go on letting them believe I'm Rico Bardi."

"There's nothing *else* I can do?"

"Nothing else."

He could see she was baffled. Yet, until he was sure of her, there was little he could say. He dropped his cigarette, crushed it under his shoe.

Lisa looked down at her handkerchief. She felt thwarted, helpless. Yet she supposed that, after the disillusionment he had suffered in Geneva, she could never expect him to confide anything to her. She couldn't blame him for that.

Then she began to wonder what sort of reports she would make to the Gestapo.

☆ AUGMENTED by an orchestra of twenty pieces, the troupe reached Prague on a rainy night. The city was in blackout. No cabs were

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running. It was a miserable welcome, despite the fact that a few Nazi brownshirts were at the station to conduct the actors to a small hotel just off the Vaclavska.

They trudged through the rain in silence—a long, dispirited parade, followed by porters who dragged the luggage in handcarts. Hermann Krug kept muttering about the effect of such a walk on his throat. Mignon remained close to Philip, her arm in his. Lisa was out of sight, at the head of the line. Whenever they lagged a little, one of the brownshirts urged them to hurry; the company must stay together. Philip felt as if he were part of a chain gang.

He was worried now about the imminence of meeting Riscaldi. So was Mignon. He could feel her anxiety by the tightness of her hold on his arm. Perhaps Riscaldi was already at the hotel. . . . But in the lobby, when they formed lines to register, there was no stranger who came to present himself to Herr Werther.

It was later, during dinner—a meal as tasteless and meager as the food in Marseilles had been—that Philip learned something about the man. The programs for tomorrow night's premier performance had been printed, and Herr Werther passed copies among the tables. Glancing through his, Philip found no listing of Riscaldi.

It startled him. He looked at Mignon, then turned to question Werther. But the plump director was already on the other side of the room.

☆ AN hour later, as he stood alone in a corner of the lobby, scowling over a German-Czech newspaper, Lisa Abernathil came to him.

"You need not worry about Riscaldi," she whispered.

He looked hard at her. "What happened to him?"

"His engagement is canceled. Hermann Krug insisted on it. He refused to play on the same program with a juggler who had appeared in the cheapest theaters of Rome."

"Where'd he learn that?"

"I told him."

So that's it, he thought. *You help me in things of this sort with the hope that I'll ask you to help in more important matters. And tell you about them. . . .*

He said, "You've been very kind, Lisa."

She left him then, with a smile over her shoulder.

He went to his room. There he lit a cigarette and paced the floor. He had to acknowledge that Lisa had been clever in her use of Hermann Krug. She had played upon the man's vanity, upon his arrogance, as she might have played upon an instrument. And Philip was grateful. Yet her very cleverness made him all the more wary. And doubtful. He wished, with a rush of resentment, that he could understand Lisa Abernathil. He wished he could place her definitely, beyond all doubt, in a classification of some sort, either enemy or friend.

A little after ten he forced Lisa out of his mind. There were other things to do. People to see in Prague. He took his hat and went down the corridor to Mignon's room.

"I'm leaving," he told her in low tones. "The sooner I accomplish something, the better I'll feel."

She widened her eyes. "Can you find the streets in such darkness?"

"I lived in Prague for years. I'll know my way around. I just wanted you to know—in case anything goes wrong. If all's well, I ought to be back in a couple of hours."

"Who—who's the first man?"

"A baker named Kanes — Anton Kanes."

"Philip," she pleaded, "be careful! You—you'll let me know when you return? I won't sleep till you come."

He promised that.

☆ THERE was a side entrance he had noticed when he'd walked about the hotel, a sort of combined fire exit and service door. To avoid being seen in the lobby, he used it.

Outdoors, he found the rain as dismal as ever. In the darkness he could see no more than a few yards. He turned up his collar, pulled down the brim of his hat, and set out swiftly. He tried to walk on his toes to avoid the clicking sounds of his heels, and he kept close to the walls of buildings.

He seemed to be the only person alive in a dead city. The address of the baker's shop, memorized in Marseilles, was near the old town, he knew; within a few paces of the Vltava.

He headed straight toward the river. There was a strange exhilaration in him now. This was the thing he had yearned to do. He felt that at last he was coming to grips with something he had long been seeking.

And then, with a start, Philip realized some one was behind him, following.

He looked back. He couldn't see anybody, but he could hear rapid footsteps on the pavement. Several pairs of feet. They were hurrying, trying to catch up with him.

He turned a corner. Behind him the steps broke into a run. He wanted to run, too. His face became hard and he fought off a sense of panic.

When he saw an open doorway, he decided to dash into it. But by that time it was too late. The footsteps had rounded the corner. He turned again, and saw four figures hardly fifty feet away, running fast. Even in the darkness he could see they carried truncheons. One of them called in German:

"Halt!"

Can Philip meet the men he must see in Prague without bringing suspicion on himself and Mignon? Can Lisa, too, continue to fool the Gestapo? Or is she really a Nazi and merely leading Philip on by her apparent willingness to help him? Next week events move swiftly in this action-packed novel of hazards, love, and intrigue.

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THE LAST WORD: *Congratulations to Lively Reading, Pa.*

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FULTON OURSLER

I AM VERY GRATEFUL, as I have said before on this page, to the Liberty Americans who responded so generously to the appeal printed here some weeks ago for Bundles for Britain. All over the country people responded enthusiastically, but certainly the most remarkable co-operation came from some alert citizens of Reading, Pennsylvania. The activity there was started by Mr. J. H. Baker, who is first vice-president of the Reading Exchange Club, that meets every Wednesday in the Berkshire Hotel. Mr. Baker writes that he is a confirmed cover-to-cover reader of Liberty and so he read our squib about emergency kits.

MR. BAKER DECIDED TO GET ACTION. That same day he had a talk with a good friend who also knows how to get action—Mr. George Webber, manager of the W. T. Grant store in Reading and an enthusiastic member of the Exchange Club. Together, Baker and Webber planned an immediate and highly effective campaign. Mr. Webber had the bags made in his store and filled them with the necessary articles. More, Mr. Webber offered them to the citizens of Reading at cost, which brought the price down to 79 cents. Meanwhile, Mr. Baker, as first vice-president of the Reading Exchange Club, presented the idea to the club itself for sponsorship. He had 100 per cent response. Each member was given a sales book and went to work. About one thousand kits were sold.

FINALLY, THE READING EXCHANGE MEN are reporting this activity to the National Exchange Club headquarters in the hope that they will sponsor a nation-wide effort on the part of all Exchange Clubs in the United States. I fervently hope that plan succeeds. On this page you will find a photograph, taken by Jack Murphy, which shows one of the girl workers assisting a donor to address her emergency kit to Britain. On the right is Mr. J. H. Baker, to whom our gratitude.

Next week on the cover of Liberty five famous little people are engaged in the same good work of Bundles for Britain. They are Yvonne, Marie, Cécile, Annette, and Emilie Dionne.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE YOU ALSO WILL find a remarkable article by the First Lady of the Land, called Pan-American Friendship. Mrs. Roosevelt states a problem that is important to every American in very simple and understandable terms. Helen Worden and

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Edward Doherty have a piece called The Police Look at Baby Farms, one of a series of revealing articles. The first article deals with the really constructive work being done by city, state, and private agencies, and in issues to come the same authors will tell of conditions not so admirable elsewhere. Boris Karloff tells about houses he has haunted. Eddie Dooley—who ought to know, being one himself—writes an article, Football Experts Are Phonies. George Jean Nathan writes about Saroyan, the new and, in my opinion, the only authentic genius of the present-day theater; and Dow Richardson has a Who-Said-It Quiz. There will be the usual generous installments of the serials and all your favorite departments. Your copy will be waiting at your newsstand.

SALMAGUNDI:
From Harriet Ransom, Hollywood, Florida: "The other day I watched you eating lunch in a restaurant. First you ate a slice of coconut custard pie, then you had lamb chops, then coffee. Why do you eat dessert first?" Answer: Dear Harriet: Dessert is the best tasting part of the meal and whenever I can do so I eat it first, because that is when I am most hungry and therefore enjoy it the most.

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

Folks draw closer together over good food and Wine

With dinner, serve a light California red or white table wine—such as the *Burgundy* pictured here, or a golden *Sauterne*. For between-meals, choose the refreshment wines like *Port* or *Muscatel*. And as an appetizer, *Sherry*. Your wine dealer will be glad to help you with your selections.

NATIONAL WINE WEEK, October 12-19

The wine that comes to dinner helps everybody to relax the moderate way

IT'S SOMETHING we all feel nowadays. We want to spend quiet evenings with those near to us. Over the dinner table and by the fireside, to ease up and enjoy our families and our friends.

This is one reason, maybe, why wine has grown so popular. For wine is made to give everyone a chance to relax a moderate way. Wine is made for friendship.

An interesting new booklet telling about wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free, if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in California.

You'll find that California wines are sound, well-developed and reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell you that these wines of our own country are good by any standard in the world.

When friends and family gather together, try serving wine. You'll see why so many people find it a considerate thing to do.

Send for your free copy and see why

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